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A

# Select Collection of

# ORIGINAL IRISH AIRS

*for the Voice*

UNITED TO CHARACTERISTIC ENGLISH POETRY

*Written for this Work*

with

*SYMPHONIES & ACCOMPANIMENTS*

*FOR THE*

PIANO FORTE, VIOLIN, & VIOLONCELLO,

*Composed by*

# BEETHOVEN.

## Vol: II

*Price 15/.*

*The Violin & Violoncello parts 2/6 each*

*Ent^d at Stationers Hall.* *G^o Thomson*

London Printed & Sold by Preston 97 Strand And by G Thomson the Editor & Proprietor Edinburgh

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# PREFACE.

MANY years have elapsed since the Editor began to collect Irish Melodies, about twenty of which, the most familiar to the lovers of music in Scotland, are interspersed in his Collection of Scottish Airs. He had no thoughts of forming a separate Collection of Irish Melodies, till the great Scottish Bard, in the course of their correspondence, suggested the idea, and offered to write Songs for them. * Encouraged by such an offer from BURNS, he proceeded with alacrity to collect the Melodies; and by the kindness of his musical friends, more particularly through the obliging exertions of his friend Dr J. Latham of Cork, he acquired a great variety of the finest old Melodies existing in Ireland, either in print or manuscript; and year after year he has been adding to the number by every means in his power. These would long ere now have been given to the Public, had not unforeseen circumstances occurred to retard their appearance. They were sent to HAYDN to be harmonised, along with the Scottish and Welsh Airs: but after that celebrated Composer had finished the greater part of those two works, his declining health only enabled him to harmonise a few of the Irish Melodies; and, upon his death, it became necessary to find another Composer, to whom the task of harmonising them should be committed.

Of all the Composers that are now living, it is acknowledged by every intelligent and unprejudiced Musician, that the only one who occupies the same distinguished rank with the late Haydn, is BEETHOVEN. Possessing the most original genius and inventive fancy, united to profound science, refined taste, and an enthusiastic love of his art,—his compositions, like those of his illustrious predecessor, will bear endless repetition, and afford ever new delight. To this Composer, therefore, the Editor eagerly applied for Symphonies and Accompaniments to the Irish Melodies; and to his inexpressible satisfaction, Beethoven undertook the composition. After years of anxious suspense and teazing disappointment, by the miscarriage of letters and of manuscripts, owing to the unprecedented difficulty of communication between England and Vienna, that resulted from the extraordinary policy of Buonaparté, the long-expected Symphonies and Accompaniments at last reached the Editor, three other copies having previously been lost on the road.

These SYMPHONIES of Beethoven will be found most appropriate and singularly beautiful Introductions and Conclusions to each Melody, full of matter perfectly original, and diversified in the most fanciful and striking manner, according to the plaintive, spirited, or playful character of the Melodies for which they were composed.

His ACCOMPANIMENTS are equally appropriate and valuable. In Chamber singing, the Piano-forte alone, will be found a most satisfactory Accompaniment; and when the additional Accompaniments for the Violin and Violoncello, (not given in any other Irish Collection,) are joined with it, the effect will be felt in the highest degree excellent: for the parts united, exhibit combinations of harmony so rich, in a style so varied, so truly ingenious and impressive, as to impart a new and powerful interest to the Melodies, which will secure to them lasting admiration, and a place among the most classical compositions.

A Second-voice part, too, has been composed by Beethoven, to a number of the Airs, which may thus be sung as Duetts; but as those Airs still retain their precise original form, they can, of course, be sung perfectly well by a single voice.

The Editor is aware that there are many persons, who, not having cultivated Music, are scarcely sensible of the value of Accompaniments, and prefer a simple Air to the finest music in parts. It is not to be denied, that there is a great charm in a fine voice singly, and that we *sometimes* hear a singer who can delight us by a song, without any Accompaniment. But such a singer is a *rara avis*: Nature seems niggardly in the much-valued gift of a rich fine toned voice; and there are few singers who feel themselves at ease, or can give much pleasure to their hearers, without the support and guidance of an Accompaniment: for it is well known that voices, in general, have a tendency to fall from the pitch in which they have set out, and thus the harmony of the instrument is necessary to keep the voice in a just intonation, or to recal it when it begins to wander.

It is probable also, that amidst the powerful attraction of new and excellent Compositions, and the fluctuation and refinement of taste, National Melodies would be much neglected, were it not for their union with masterly and beautiful Accompaniments. A distinguished Writer considers *Melody* in music, to be analogous to *Design* in painting; and *Accompaniments* he compares to *Colouring*. † If Carolan the Irish Bard, could raise his head, and hear his own Melodies sung with Beethoven's Accompaniments, he would idolize the Artist, that, from his designs, could produce such exquisitely coloured and highly finished pictures. ‡ Let *any* of the Irish Melodies be sung alone, and then with the Accompaniments of Beethoven, and it will immediately be perceived by every person of the least taste, how much the one is enriched by the other. The more critically the Music of this Collection is examined, the more clearly will it be seen what extraordinary pains and attention have been bestowed upon the Symphonies and Accompaniments of *every one* of the Melodies; for there is nothing of common place, no marks of negligence or carelessness throughout the Work: the whole has been composed *con amore*, as if the author were to rest his fame upon it; and, accordingly, he has announced to the Editor his intention of publishing it on the Continent, with the verses translated. This is equally flattering to the Melodies of Ireland, and satisfactory to the Editor; it is a decisive proof that Beethoven feels conscious that he has rendered them worthy of the attention of an enlightened Public.

Of the POETRY, the Editor may warrantably hope that its reception will not be less favourable than that of the music, because its authors are celebrated for their genius, and exhibit in their songs the finest flow of fancy, feeling, and humour; which they have adapted in the happiest manner to the varied character of the Melodies. The Editor feels himself under the deepest obligations to them; for, without their kind assistance, after the lamented death of BURNS, he could not have completed the Work, with satisfaction either to himself or the Public.

To Professor SMYTH of Cambridge, particularly, his warmest acknowledgements are due, for his numerous and valuable contributions to the Work; for the present Volume contains twenty Songs of his, which will place him in the first rank of lyric Poets, and give delight to every person of taste and sensibility.

It was the intention of the Editor to offer a few thoughts concerning the antiquity of the Irish Melodies, &c., as he has done with respect to the Scottish and Welsh Melodies, in his Collections of those Songs. But after perusing Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, Bunting's Critical Dissertation prefixed to his first volume of Irish Music, and Moore's Prefatory Letter to his third book of Songs, he finds that he could throw no new light on the subject. He believes, with Mr Moore, that the generality of the fine Airs are more modern than the Antiquaries would have us consider them. Yet from what Giraldus Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, has said of the superior skill of the Irish in the performance of instrumental or harp music, at that early period, joined to Powell's account of the Welsh prince Gruffyd ap Conan having, in the eleventh century, "brought "over with him from Ireland divers cunning musicians into "Wales, who devised, in a manner, all the instrumental music "that is now used there," and the notices of other ancient writers, it cannot be doubted that Ireland must be considered a parent country of music, to which Wales, and, perhaps, Scotland too, were originally indebted.

This Work, in two volumes, with the other publications of the Editor, will put the public in possession of all that appeared to him most valuable and worthy of preservation in the native MELODIES of SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES, united to the most interesting SONGS, SYMPHONIES, and ACCOMPANIMENTS that could by any possible exertion be obtained for them: and he trusts that they will do lasting honour to the musical and poetical character of the three Countries. He looks back with great satisfaction upon his humble exertions, because he has had the happiness of eliciting from Poets and Musical Composers, who adorned the age in which they lived, what otherwise would never have been given to the world.

From the delay in publishing this work, others have got the start of it: And though the Editor is not insensible of the merit of those works, yet, his plan having been formed, and a great part of his materials collected, long before those works were heard of, he felt no inclination to withhold what he had with vast trouble acquired; more especially when he knows how pre-eminently the Symphonies and Accompaniments of this Work are distinguished from those in any other Irish Collection, by their Originality, and by Beauty of that rare and precious kind, which will please the more, the oftener it is examined.

The Editor owes his most respectful acknowledgements to SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNNE, Bart. for obligingly permitting his exquisite picture of ST CECILIA, by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, to be copied and engraved for the frontispiece that graces the First Volume of this Work.

Along with the Second Volume, he has the pleasure of presenting an Engraving, after a picture by his late worthy friend Mr Allan: a subject from ancient classic story, of singular excellence, and far exceeding in value the frontispieces usually given with Works of this kind.

*Edinburgh, No. 3. Exchange, May* 1816.

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* BURNS's Works, Vol. IV. Letter XLVI.

† ROUSSEAU, Dictionnaire de Musique, Article AIR; in which article this eloquent writer has treated of the power of Music over the memory and fancy, with singular felicity, and with the warmest glow of enthusiastic feeling.

‡ No. I. of this Collection for example.

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# I dream'd I lay where Flow'rs, &c.

*By BURNS.*

AIR, (No. 31.)—O MOLLY, MOLLY, MY DEAREST HONEY.

I DREAM'D I lay where flow'rs were springing,
Gaily in the sunny beam;
I listen'd to the wild birds singing
By a falling crystal stream.
At once the sky grew black and daring,
Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
The trees with aged arms were warring,
Across the swelling drumlie wave.*

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd:
But long ere noon, loud tempests storming,
All my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me,
Promised fair, and perform'd but ill,
Of many a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

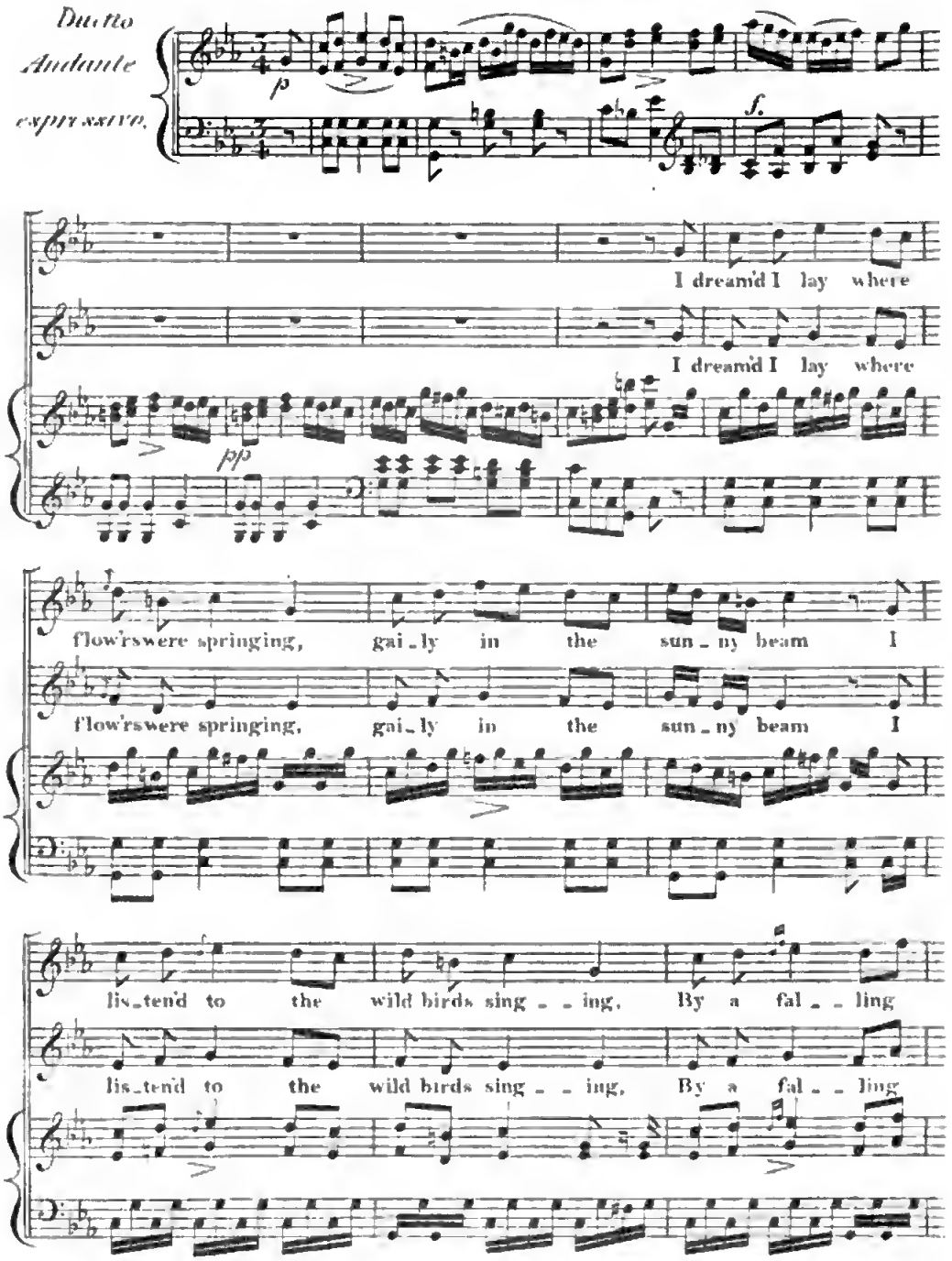
* Drumlie, *dark, troubled.*

## Nº 31. *I DREAMD I LAY WHERE FLOWRS WERE SPRINGING.*

*Duetto*

*Andante*

*espressivo.*

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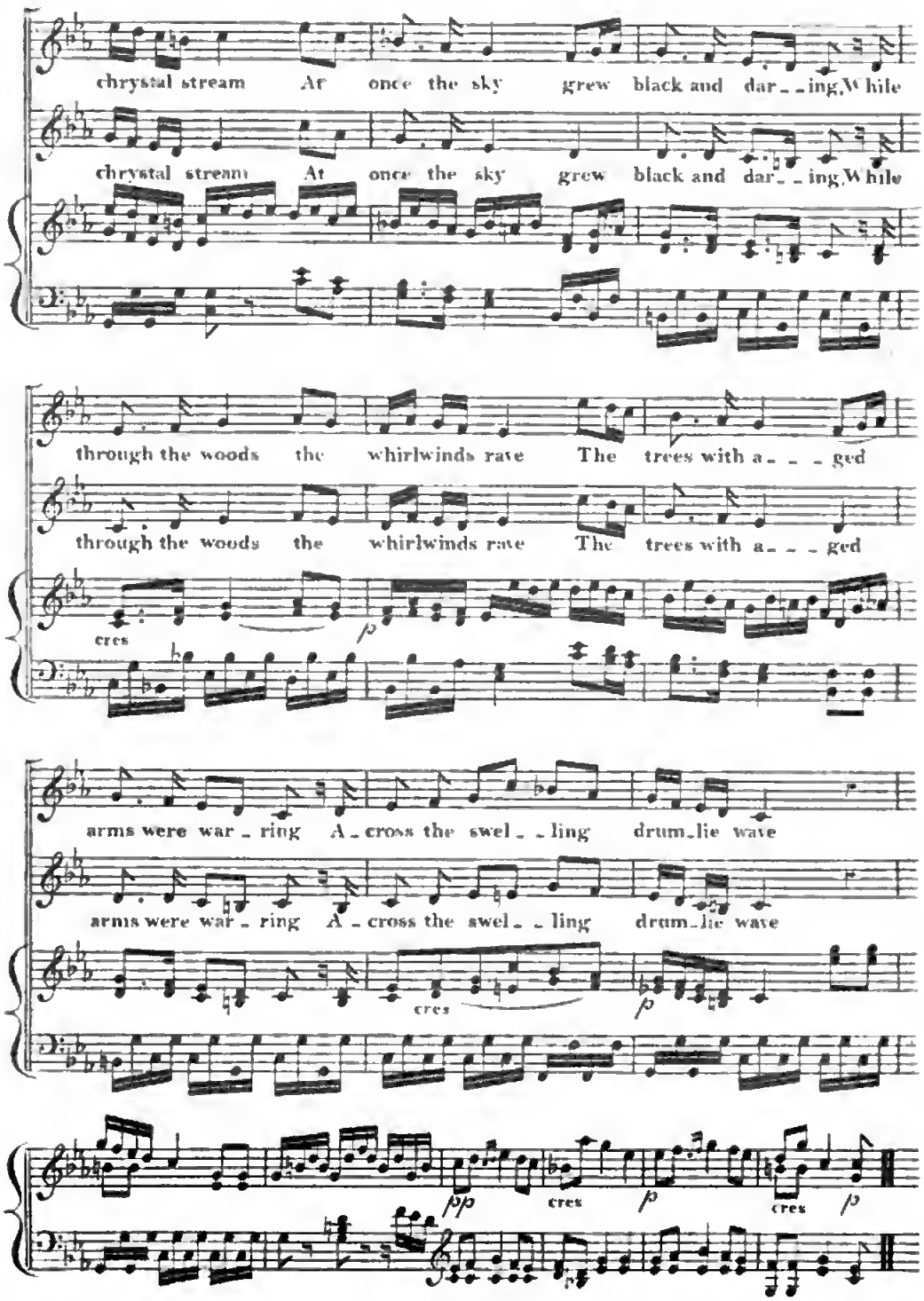
chrystal stream At once the sky grew black and dar_ _ing,While
chrystal stream At once the sky grew black and dar_ _ing,While
through the woods the whirlwinds rave The trees with a_ _ _ ged
through the woods the whirlwinds rave The trees with a_ _ _ ged
cres
p
arms were war_ring A_cross the swel_ _ling drum_lie wave
arms were war_ring A_cross the swel_ _ling drum_lie wave
cres
p
pp
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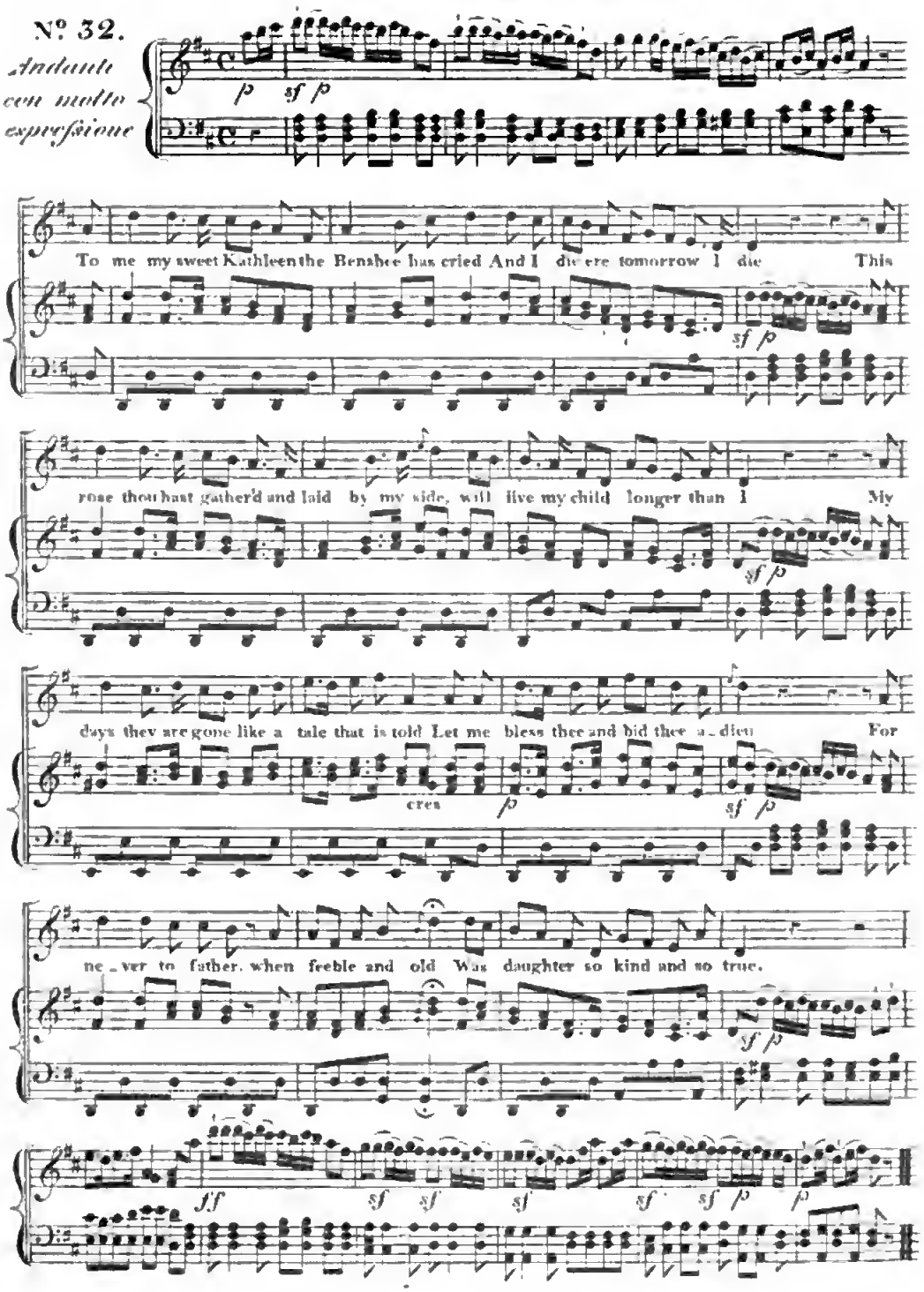
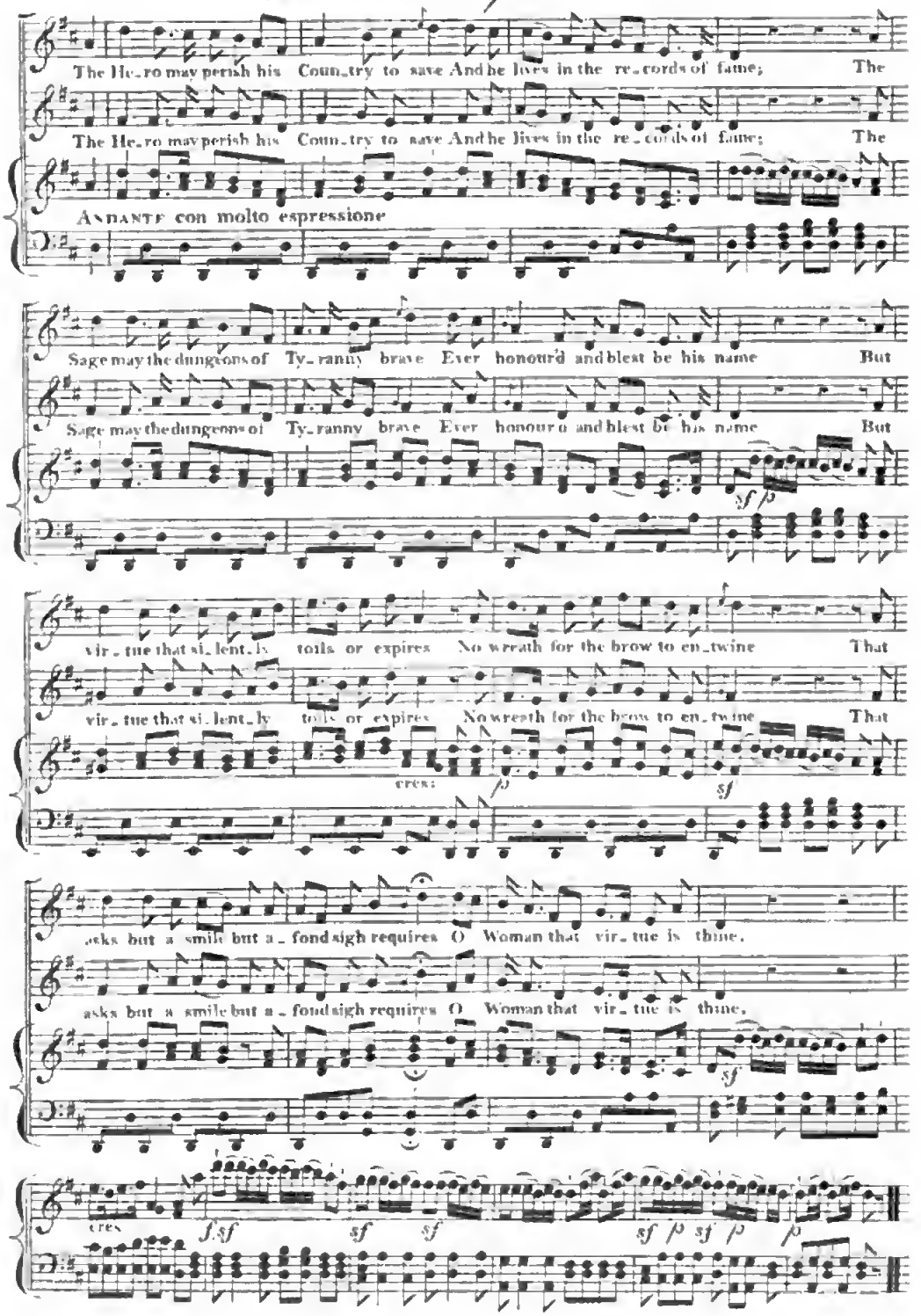
## TO ME MY SWEET KATHLEEN.



## *The same AIR for two Voices*



## To Me, my sweet Kathleen;

### THE DYING FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 32.) THE FOX'S SLEEP.

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee has cried,
And I die—ere to-morrow, I die.—*
This rose thou hast gather'd, and laid by my side,
Will live, my child, longer than I.
My days they are gone, like a tale that is told—
Let me bless thee, and bid thee adieu;
For never to father, when feeble and old,
Was daughter so kind and so true.

Thou hast walk'd by my side, and my board thou hast spread,
For my chair the warm corner hast found;
And told my dull ear what the visitor said,
When I saw that the laughter went round.
Thou hast succour'd me still, and my meaning exprest
When memory was lost on its way—
Thou hast pillow'd my head ere I laid it to rest—
Thou art weeping beside me to-day.

O Kathleen, my Love! thou couldst choose the good part,
And more than thy duty hast done:—
Go now to thy Dermot, he clasp'd to his heart,
He merits the love he has won.
Be duteous and tender to him, as to me:
Look up to the mercy-seat then;
And passing this shadow of death, which I see,
Come, come to my arms back again.

* *In the Irish superstition, the Benshee is the warning spirit that announces death.*

## The Hero may perish his Country to save.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

THE SAME AIR,—SET FOR TWO VOICES.

The Hero may perish his country to save,
And he lives in the records of fame;
The Sage may the dungeons of tyranny brave—
Ever honour'd and blest be his name!
But Virtue that silently toils or expires,
No wreath for the brow to entwine;
That asks but a smile—but a fond sigh requires—
O Woman! that virtue is thine.

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# Sad and luckless was the Season.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 33.)—THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Sad and luckless was the season,
When to court fair Ellen flew,—
Flew from Love, and Peace, and Reason,
Worlds to see of promise new.
Back she comes—each grace is finer,
Every charm that crowds adore,
All the form divine, diviner—
But the heart is there no more.

Oh! 'tis gone, the temper even,
Careless nature, artless ease!
All that makes retirement heaven—
Pleasing, without toil to please.
Hope no more, sweet lark, to cheer her,
Vain to her these echoing skies—
Bloom no more, ye violets, near her,
Yours are charms she would not prize.

Ellen! go where crowds admire thee,
Chariots rattle, torches blaze;
Here our dull content would tire thee,
Worthless be our village praise.
Go! yet oh, that *Thought's* soft season
Ellen's heart might but restore!
Hard the task—whate'er the reason—
Hard the task to love no more.

## SAD & LUCKLESS WAS THE SEASON

No. 33.

*Andante espressive assai*

Sad and luck_less was the sea_son when to

Court fair Ellen flew Flew from Love and Peace and Reason, Worlds to

see of promise new Back she comes each grace is fin_er Ev'ry

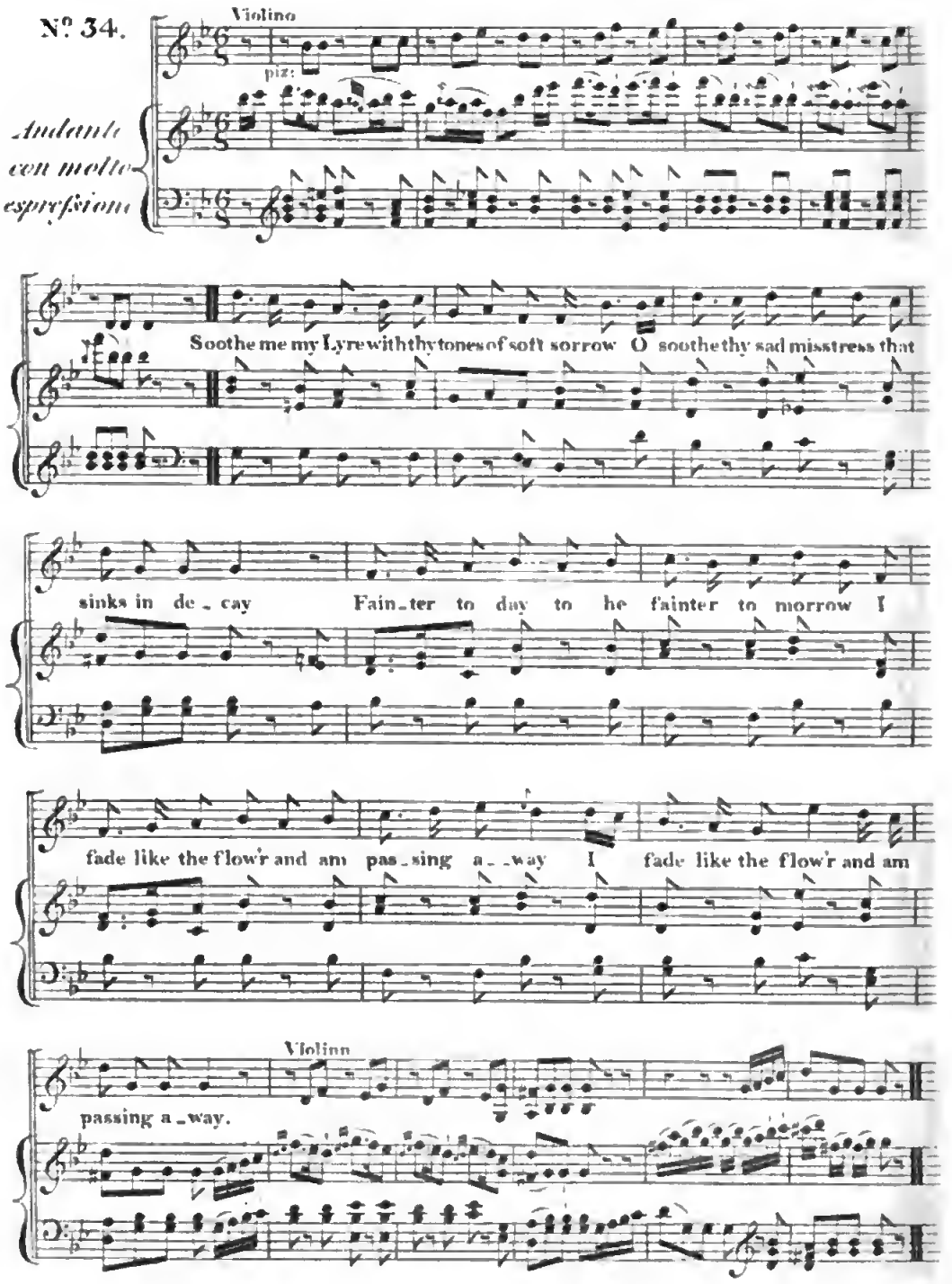
cres.

charm_ _that crowds a_do_re All the Form di_vine di_vin_er But the

heart is there no more

pp poco ritard.

## *SOOTHE ME MY LYRE.*



# Soothe me, my Lyre, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 34.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

Soothe me, my lyre, with thy tones of soft sorrow,
Soothe thy sad mistress that sinks in decay;
Fainter to day, to be fainter to-morrow,
I fade like the flower, and am passing away.
I fade, &c.

"Cheer thee, my love," says my mother, beguiling,
"I see thee reviving, believe me, believe;"
Spring will restore me, I answer, gay smiling,
And both are deceivers that cannot deceive.

Pale is my cheek,—it was fair as they told me—
Who in the dance that but lately had been,
Who that had seen me, and now should behold me,
Would think me the Ellen that there he had seen?

Cold shall I lie,—they will weep and regret me,—
The dews of the morning are vanish'd at noon.
One will remember, when all shall forget me,
O lov'd of my heart! must I leave thee so soon?

Dear was the world—I had youth, I had beauty,
But 'tis not for life that I heave this sad sigh—
Firm is my soul in its hope and its duty,—
But oh! to be lov'd—then untimely to die.

# By the side of the Shannon, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

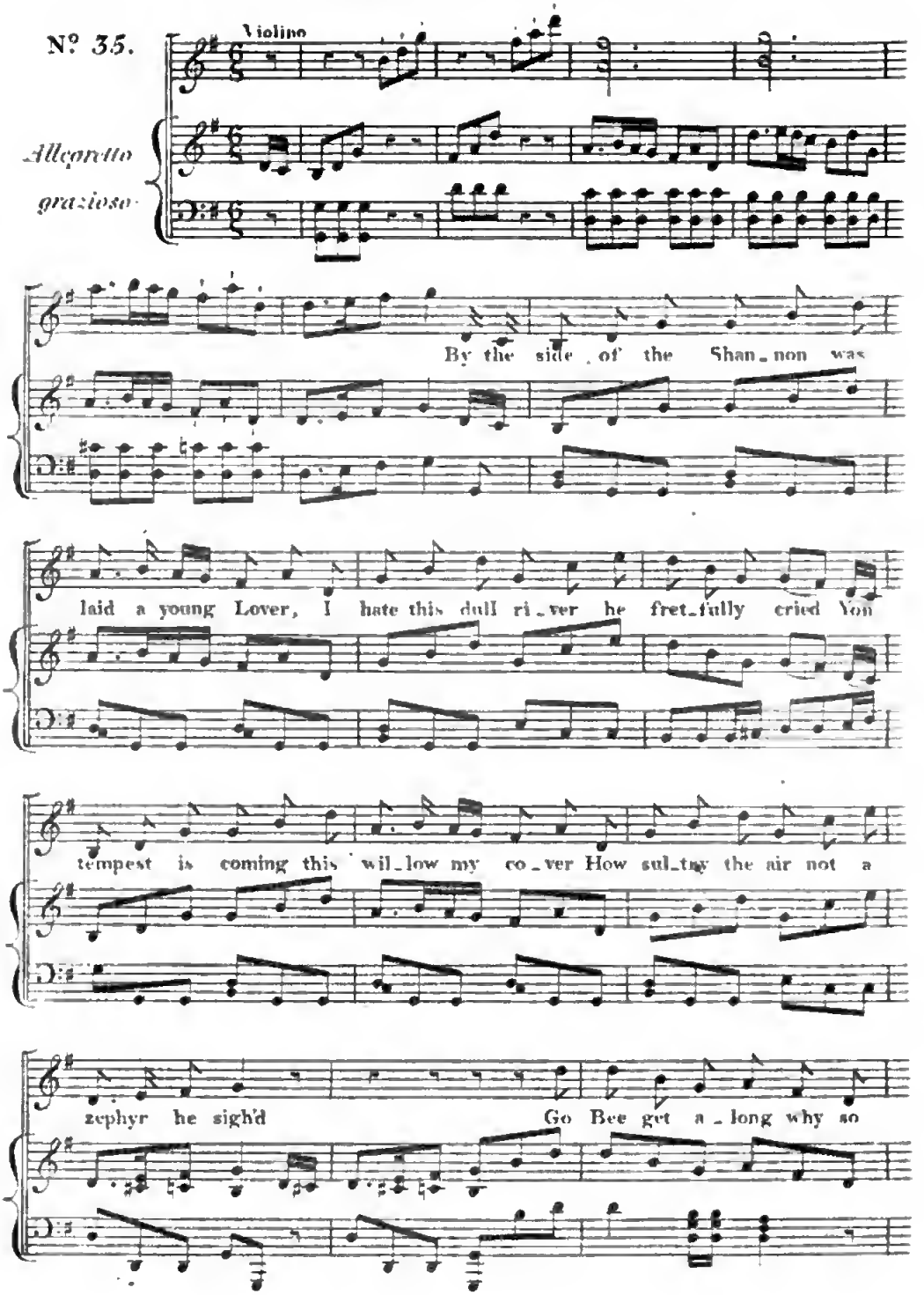
*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 55.)—KITTY OF COLERAINE.

By the side of the Shannon was laid a young lover,—
" I hate this dull river," he fretfully cried;
" Yon tempest is coming—this willow my cover—
" How sultry the air—not a zephyr," he sigh'd.
" Go, bee!—get along—why so idly remaining,
" For here are no roses—thou troublesome thing!
" Peace—nightingale! peace—to that ditty complaining—
" Oh can it be thus that these nightingales sing?"

But now a light form, with a smile archly playing,
All beaming in beauty, before him appear'd—
" O Ellen!" he cried, " why thus strangely delaying,
" My dearest, my Ellen,—what have I not fear'd."
And then so majestic the Shannon came flowing,
The bee flew unchided the blossoms among,
The sky was sereno, and the zephyrs soft blowing,
And oh! how enchanting the nightingale's song!

# BY THE SIDE OF THE SHANNON.

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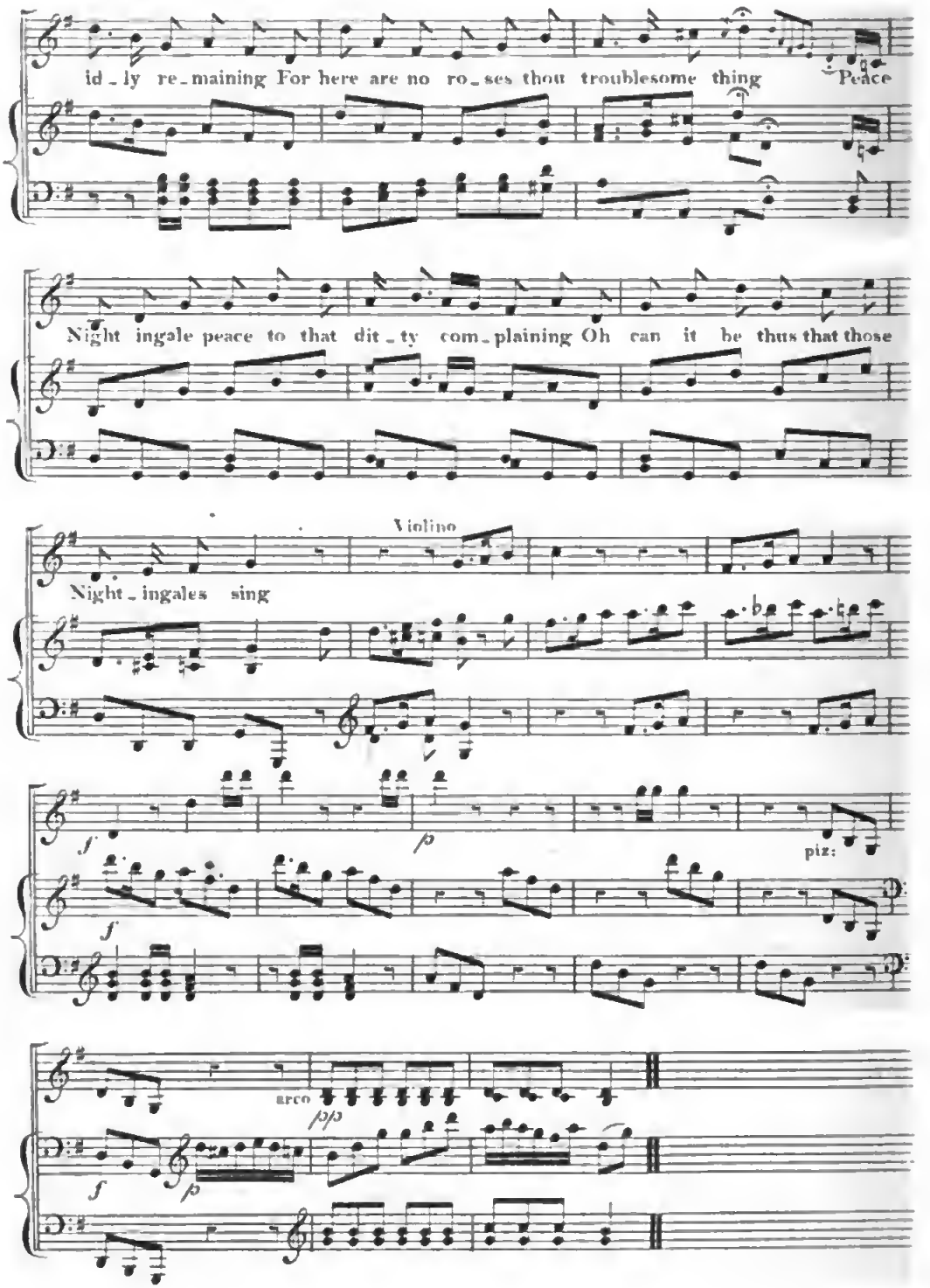
id_ly re_maining For here are no ro_ses thou troublesome thing
Peace
Night ingale peace to that dit_ty com_plaining Oh can it be thus that those
Violino
Night_ingales sing
f
p
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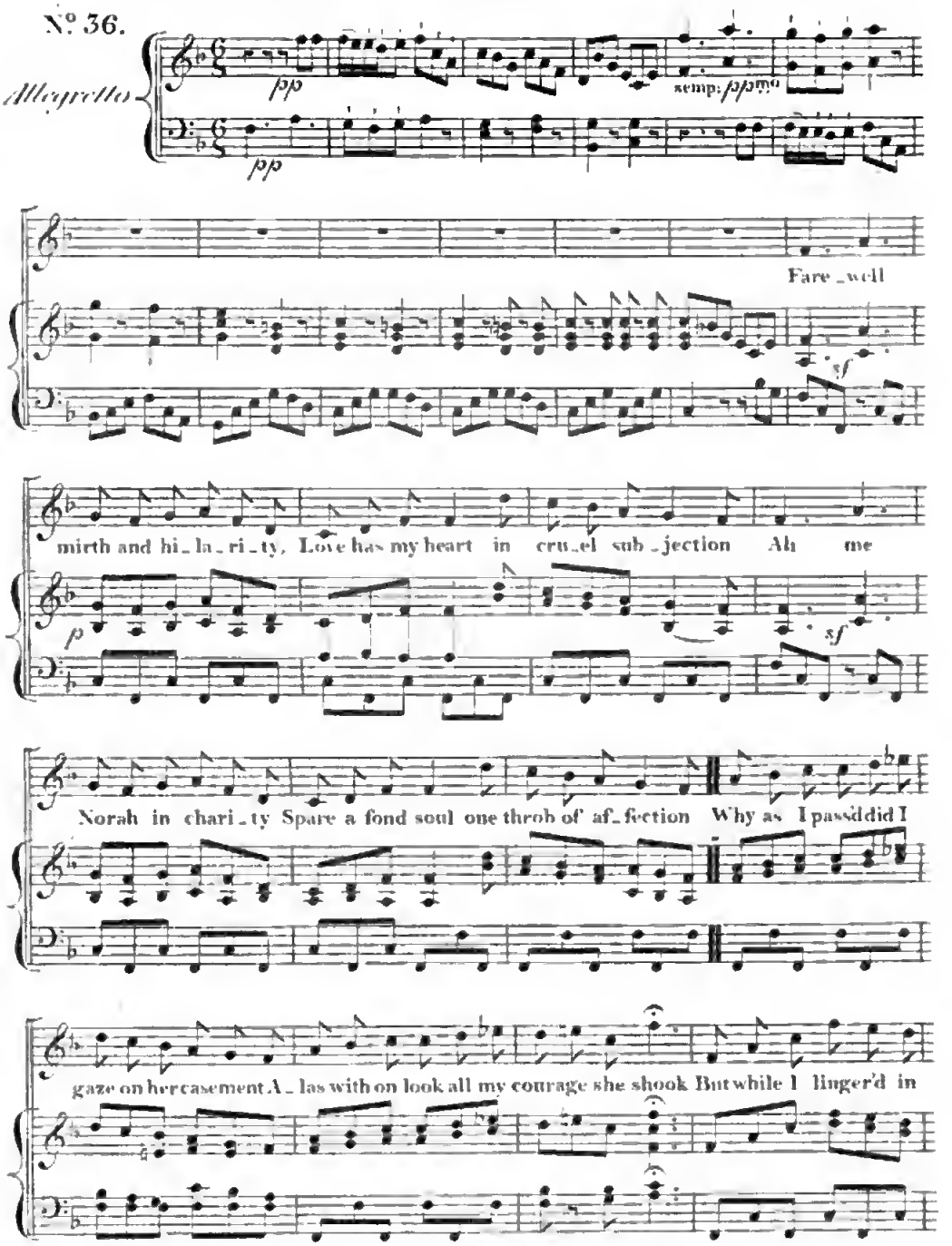
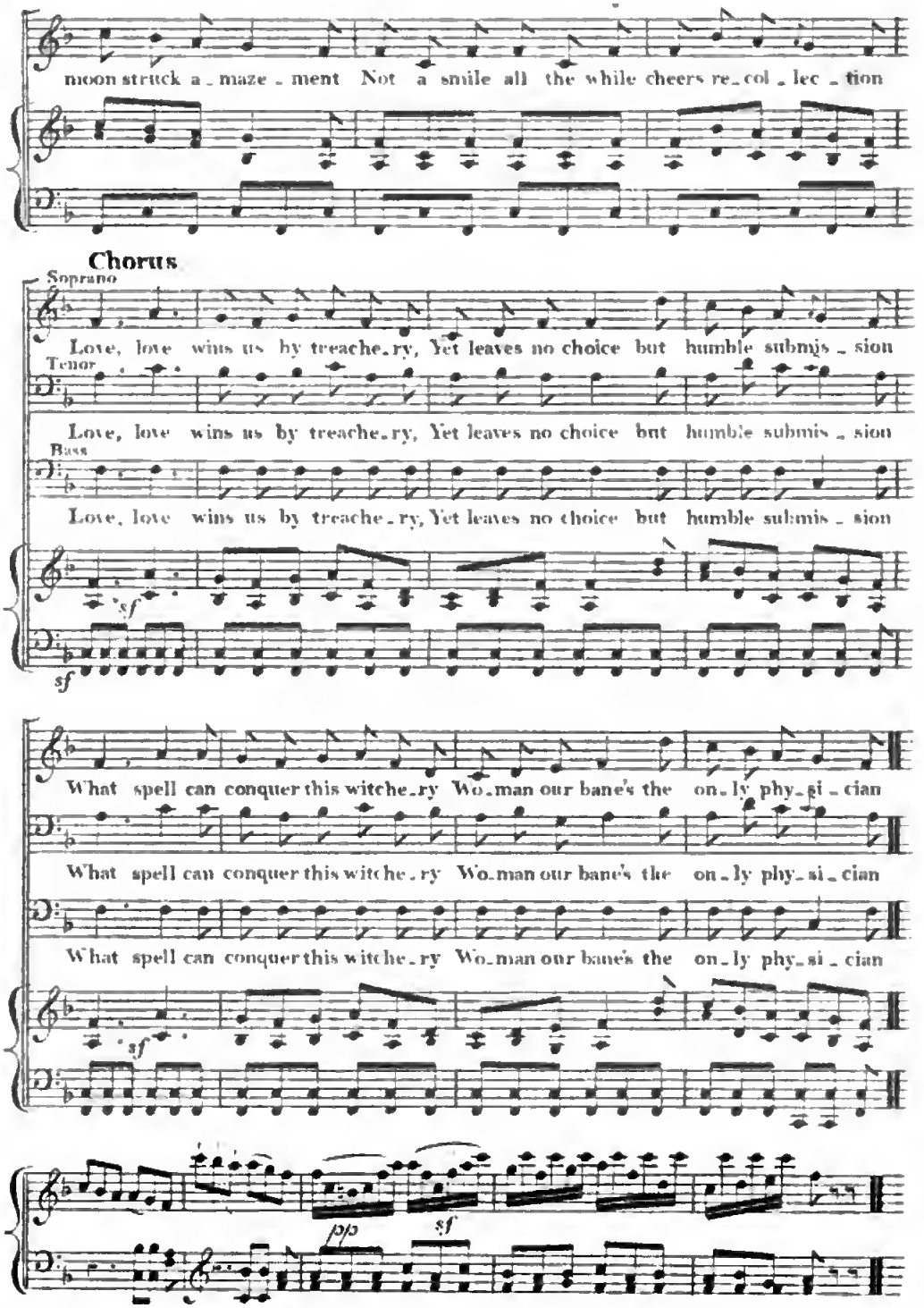
## FAREWELL MIRTH & HILARITY.




moon struck a_maze_ment Not a smile all the while cheers re_col_lec_tion
Chorus
Soprano
Love, love wins us by treache_ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis_sion
Tenor
Love, love wins us by treache_ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis_sion
Bass
Love, love wins us by treache_ry, Yet leaves no choice but humble submis_sion
sf
sf
What spell can conquer this witche_ry Wo_man our bane's the on_ly phy_si_cian
What spell can conquer this witche_ry Wo_man our bane's the on_ly phy_si_cian
What spell can conquer this witche_ry Wo_man our bane's the on_ly phy_si_cian
sf
pp
sf

# Farewell Mirth and Hilarity:

## NORAH OF BALAMAGAIRY.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 36.)—THE HUMOURS OF BALAMAGAIRY.

FAREWELL mirth and hilarity,
Love has my heart in cruel subjection;
Ah me! Norah in charity
Spare a fond soul one throb of affection.
Why, as I pass'd, did I gaze on her casement,
Alas! with one look all my courage she shook!
But while I linger'd in moon-struck amazement,
Not a smile all the while cheers recollection.
CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Far, far hence tho' I fly from her,
Where other shores are kiss'd by the ocean,
Blest powers! draw but one sigh from her,
Let her not live thus dead to emotion.
Yet I must steal a last glance ere I leave her,
Perhaps at her heart she may grieve when we part;
Hope, ah I dread thee, deluding deceiver,
Fair thy cup, but turn'd up, bitter the potion.
CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

Ah me! had we the agency
Of a kind-hearted feat little fairy,
Good bye then to thy regency,
Norah, the witch of Balamagairy!
Looks she, or speaks she, the lads are all sighing,
She scatters her spells, and then ev'ry heart swells;
Not a young clown but is pining and dying,
Ah! the fools, thus she rules Balamagairy.
CHORUS.—Love, love wins us by treachery,
Yet leaves no choice but humble submission;
What spell can conquer this witchery,
Woman, our bane, is the only physician.

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# The kiss, dear Maid, thy lip has left.

*By LORD BYRON,*

AND HERE PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION.

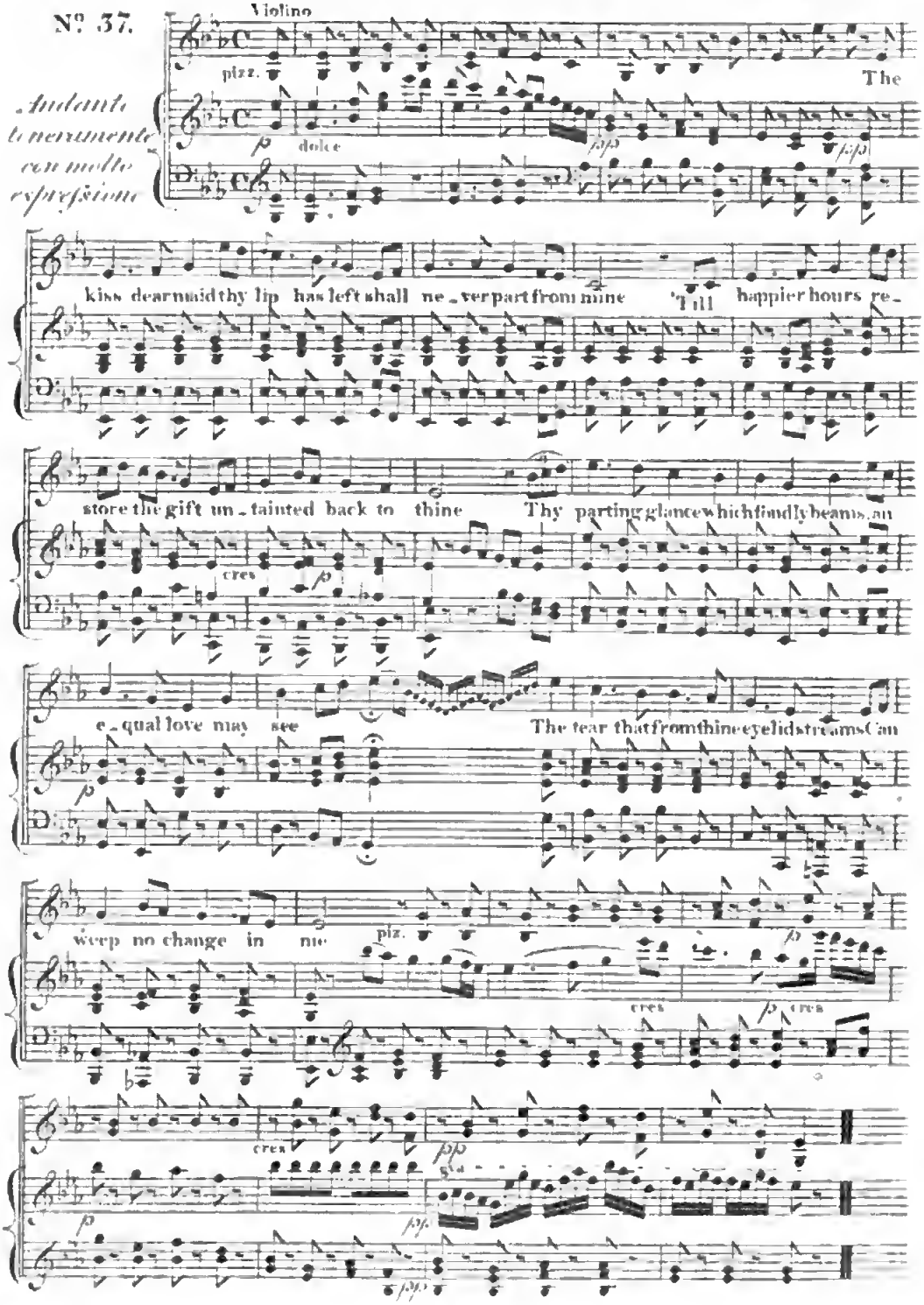
AIR, (No. 37.)—*Communicated without a name by a Friend.*

THE kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.
Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see;
The tear that from thine eyelids streams,
Can weep no change in me.

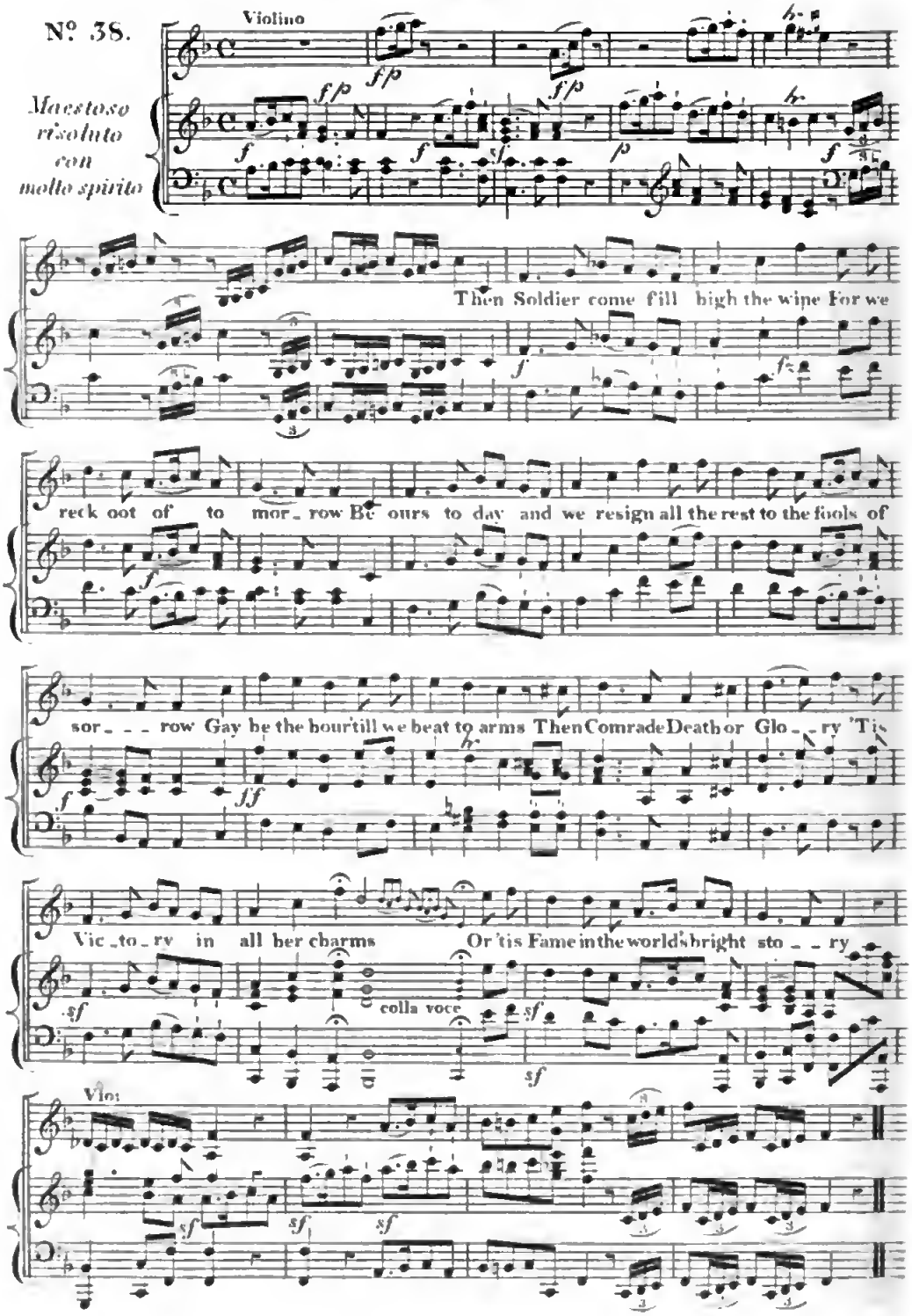
I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast
Whose thoughts are all thine own.*
By day or night, in weal or woe,
This heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show,
And silent ache for thee.

* Four lines of the original are omitted, because the melody requires a stanza of eight lines.

# THE KISS DEAR MAID THY LIP HAS LEFT



## THEN SOLDIER COME FILL HIGH THE WINE



# Then, Soldier, come, fill high the Wine.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 38.)—THE MOREEN.

THEN, soldier! come! fill high the wine,
For we reck not of to-morrow;
Be ours to-day, and we resign
All the rest to the fools of sorrow.
Gay be the hour 'till we beat to arms,
Then, comrade, death or glory!
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or 'tis fame in the world's bright story.

'Tis you—'tis I—that may meet the ball;—
And *me* it better pleases
In battle, brave, with the brave to fall,
Than to die of dull diseases;
Driveller to be in my fireside chair,
With saws and tales unheeded;
A tottering thing of aches and care,
No longer lov'd nor needed.

But thou—oh dark is thy flowing hair,
And thine eye with fire is streaming,
And o'er thy cheek,—thy looks,—thine air,
Sits health in triumph beaming.
Soldier! high, fill high the wine,
Fill high to love and beauty;
Love,—friendship,—honour,—all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

# Oh! thou hapless Soldier.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 99.)—THE MAID OF THE VALLEY.

Oh! thou hapless soldier,
Left unseen to moulder
Here on the lonely plain.
Far thy comrades flying,
Lost,—abandon'd,—dying
Here on the lonely plain.
Faint,—and none to cheer thee,
Moaning,—none to hear thee,
Dying,—and none near thee
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee
Here on the lonely plain.

Power! ambition! glory!
Read we then your story
Here on the lonely plain!
Some fond maid is sighing
For her hero lying
Here on the lonely plain.
Never, hapless soldier,
Fated to behold her,
Left unseen to moulder
On this lonely plain.
No fond tears fall o'er thee,
No fond hearts deplore thee,
Here on the lonely plain.

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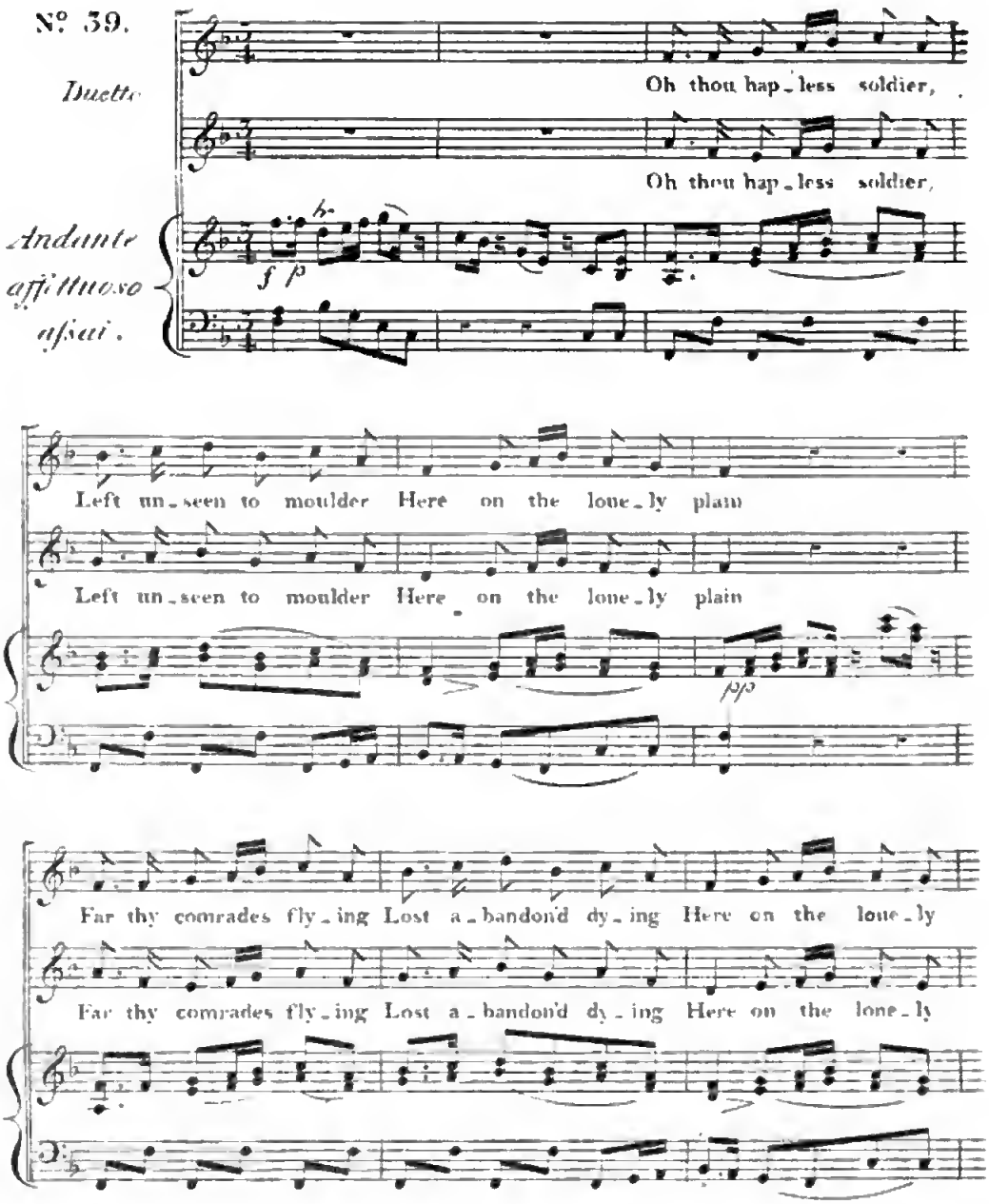
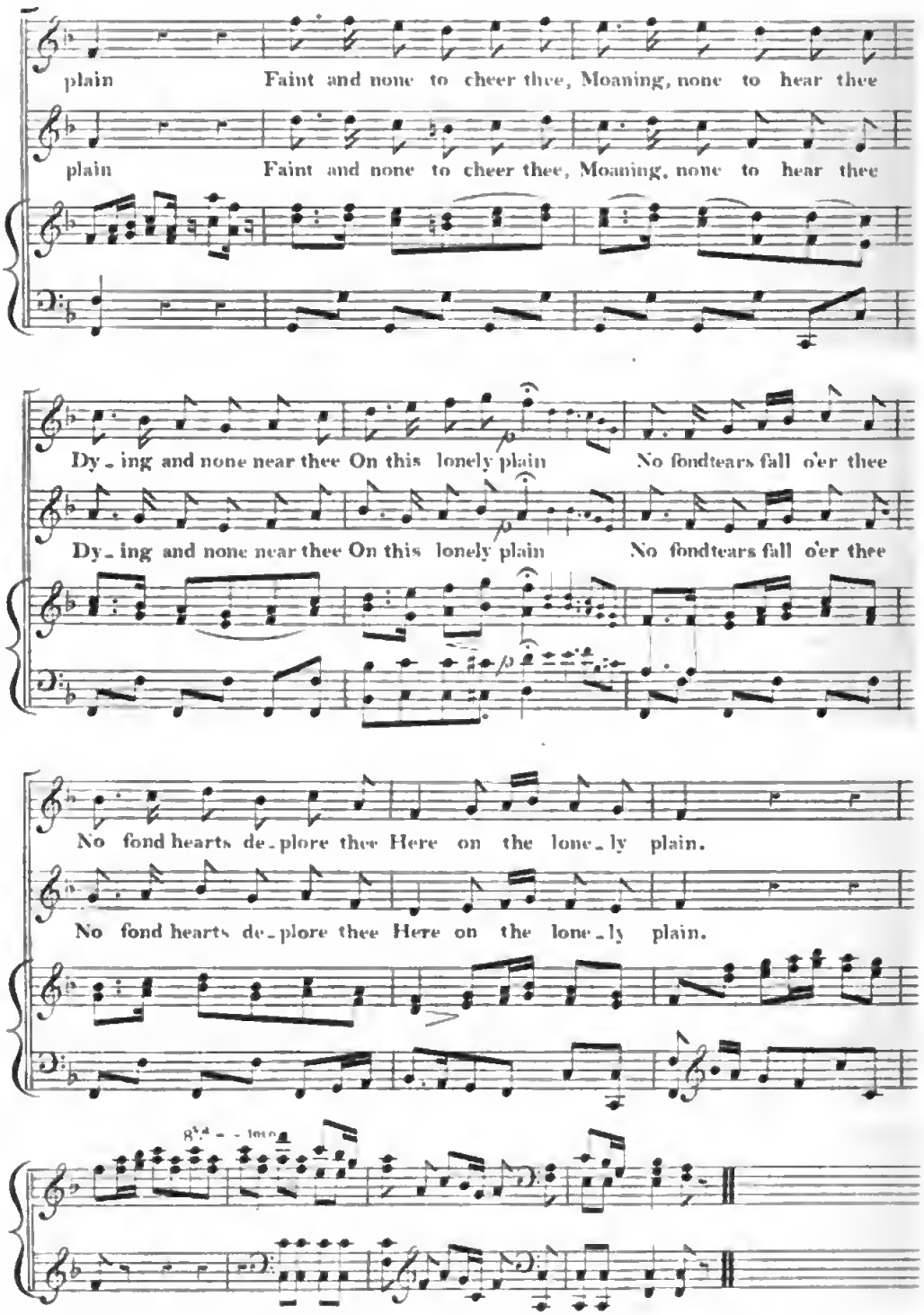
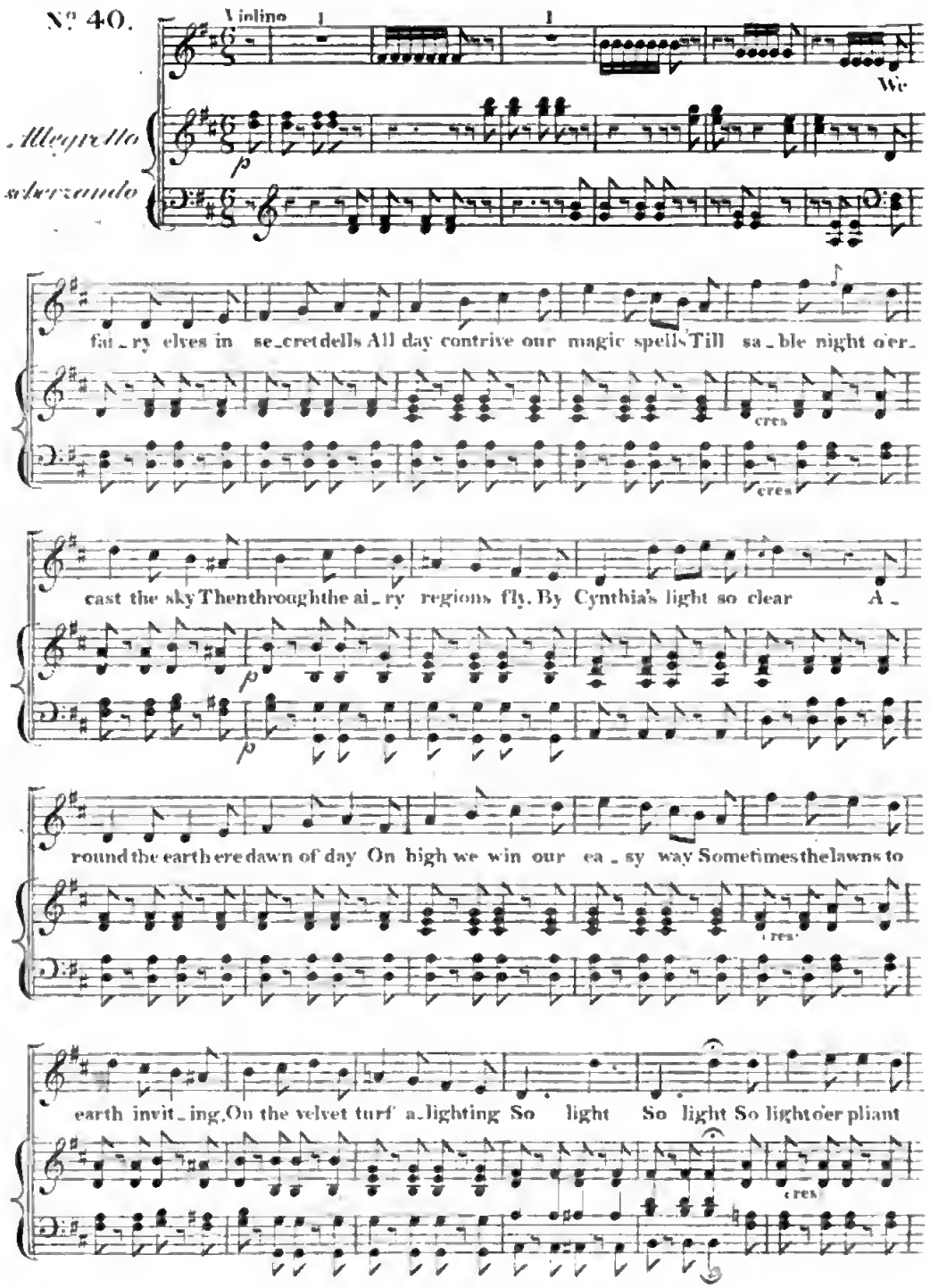
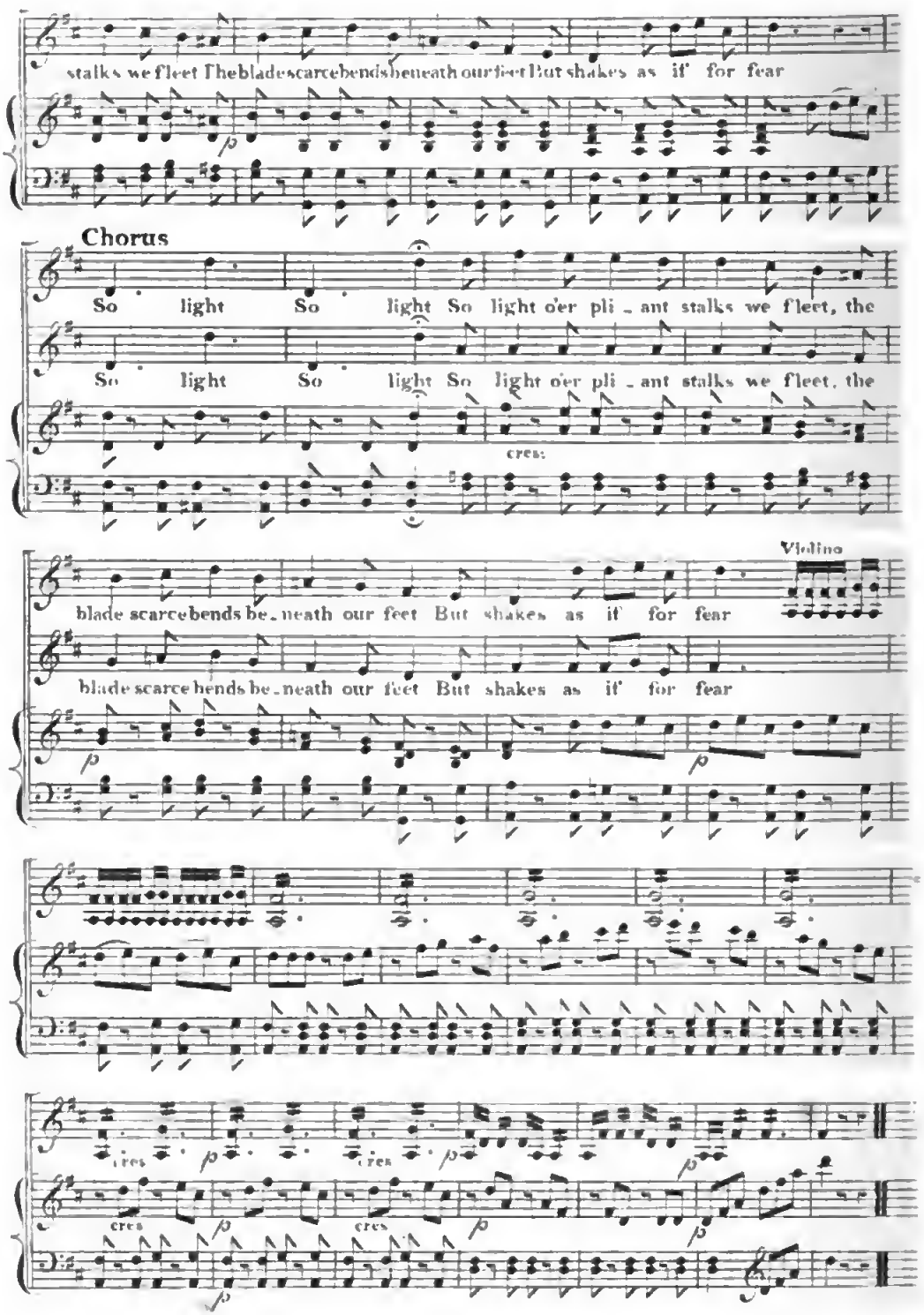
## *OH THOU HAPLESS SOLDIER.*




plain Faint and none to cheer thee, Moaning, none to hear thee
plain Faint and none to cheer thee, Moaning, none to hear thee
Dy_ing and none near thee On this lonely plain No fondtears fall o'er thee
Dy_ing and none near thee On this lonely plain No fondtears fall o'er thee
No fond hearts de_plore thee Here on the lone_ly plain.
No fond hearts de_plore thee Here on the lone_ly plain.

## *WE FAIRY ELVES IN SECRET DELLS.*




stalks we fleet The blade scarce bends beneath our feet But shakes as if for fear
Chorus
So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the
So light So light So light o'er pli - ant stalks we fleet, the
cres:
Violino
blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
blade scarce bends be - neath our feet But shakes as if for fear
cres
cres
cres
cres

# The Elfin Fairies.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By DAVID THOMSON, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 40.)—PLANXTY KELLY—*By Carolan.*

We fairy-elves, in secret dells,
All day contrive our magic spells,
Till sable night o'ercast the sky,
Then through the airy regions fly,
By Cynthia's light so clear:
Around the earth, ere dawn of day,
On high we win our easy way;
Sometimes the lawns to earth inviting,
On the velvet turf alighting,
So light, so light,
So light o'er pliant stalks we fleet,
The blade scarce bends beneath our feet,
But shakes as if for fear.

And if no bus'ness calls from home,
Around the wheeling globe to roam;
We to some flow'ry meadow stray,
And sing and dance the night away,
Around our Fairy-Queen.
Then we our mushroom board prepare,
The gather'd sweets of flow'rs our fare,
The dewy nectar round distilling,
All our hair-bell goblets filling;
Good night, good night:
Good night we say, then sink to rest
Upon some lily's downy breast,
By mortal eyes unseen.

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# When far from the Home of our Youth, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By DAVID THOMSON, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 41.)—THE FAIR HAIR'D GIRL.

When far from the home of our youth we have rang'd,
How fondly we think of the days that are past;
Their image thro' changes is ever unchang'd,
Wherever our lot may be cast.
I muse on the features of those whom I lov'd;
The farewell of friendship I yet seem to hear:
The scenes I remember where oft I have rov'd,
The songs that delighted my ear.

In slumbers their music some vision recalls,
And oft I implore it a moment to stay;
But, ah! soon the measure in soft cadence falls,
I wake, and the sound dies away.
How sad the reverse,—once I wept but in dreams,
The dawn then awoke me to hope and delight;
Now hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
And joy is a phantom of night.

Oh! sleep, how enchanting the power of thy wand,
More swift are thy pinions than fancy e'er spread;
For back o'er the ocean of time they expand,
And bring us to scenes that are fled.
Tho' hope never comes with the morning's gay beams,
Tho' long o'er the desert of life I may roam,
Oh! let thy soft magic still waft me in dreams
To all the lov'd scenes of my home.

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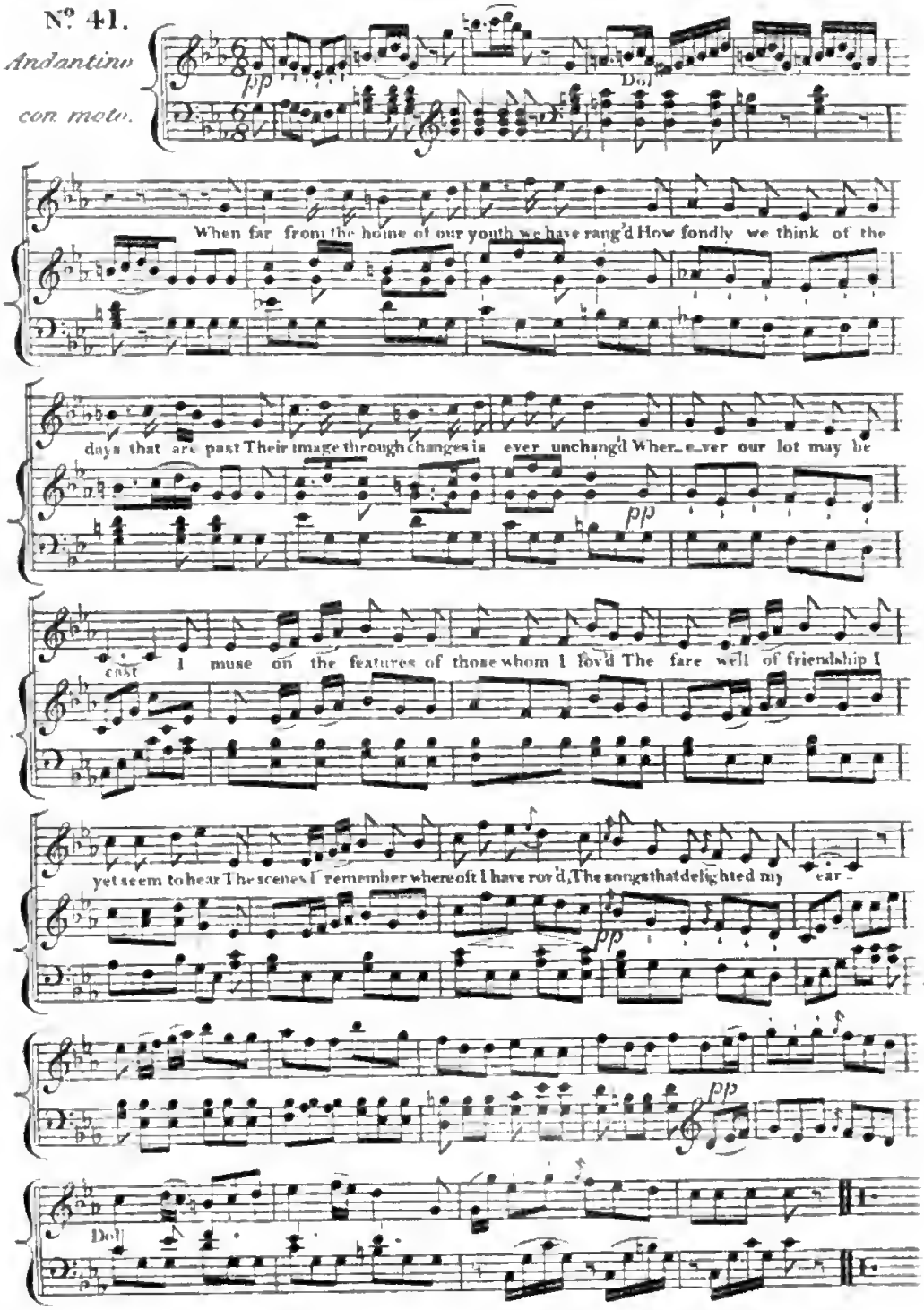
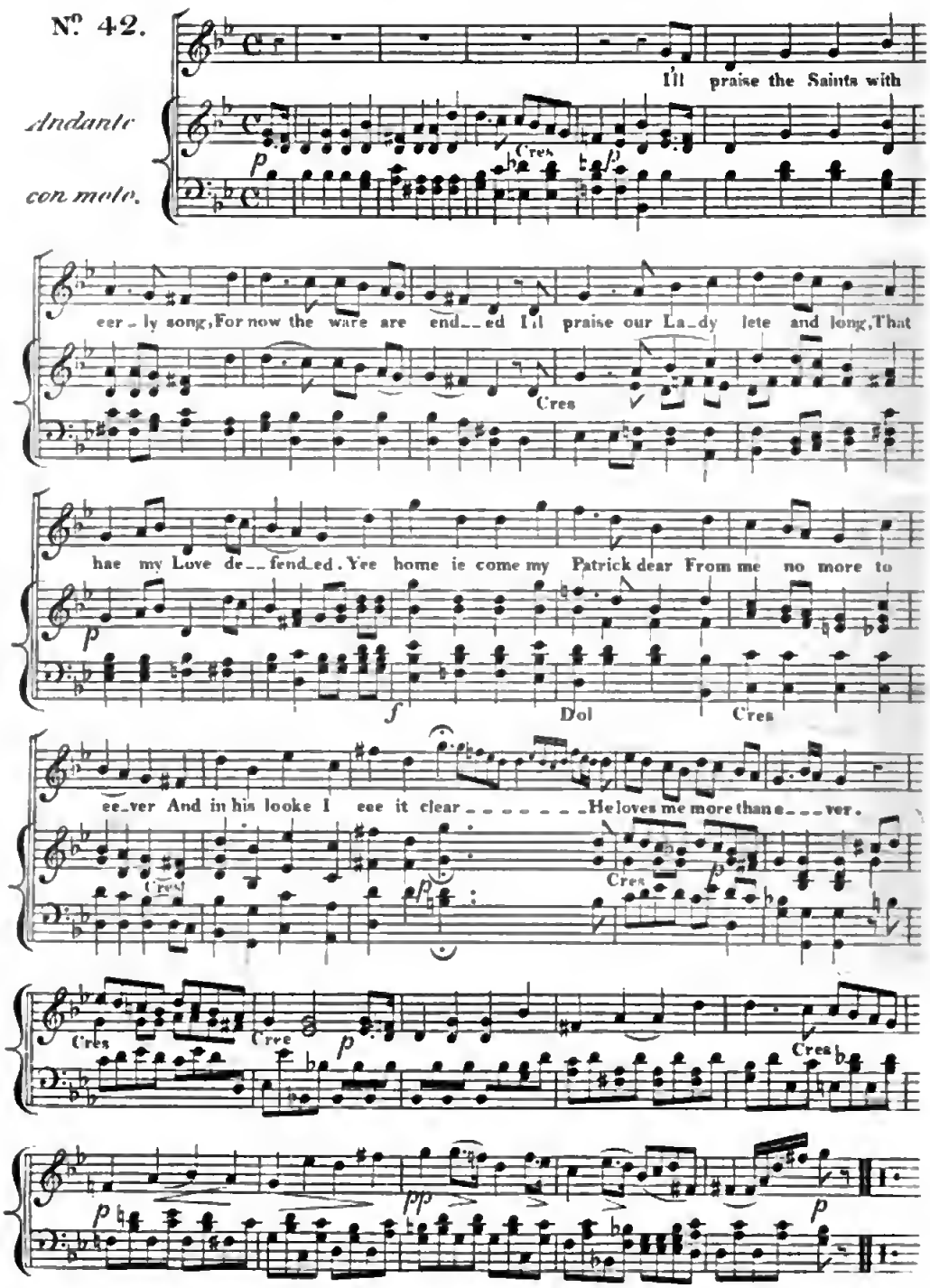
# WHEN FAR FROM THE HOME OF OUR YOUTH.



## *I'll praise the Saints.*



# I'll Praise the Saints with early Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 42.) ABIGAIL JUDGE—*By Carolan.*

I'LL praise the Saints with early song,
For now the wars are ended;
I'll praise our Lady late and long,
That has my Love defended.
Yes, home is come my Patrick dear,
From me no more to sever;
And in his looks, I see it clear,
He loves me more than ever.

He sits our evening fire beside,
The cabin round surveying,
And looks with all a father's pride,
While near the child is playing.
Even me he turns to gaze upon,
As in my maiden beauty,
Before my bloom was worn and gone
By many a toilsome duty.

"My Love, he cries, thou canst not guess,
"Tho' kind and tender hearted,
"What I have known of sad distress,
"Since last from thee I parted.
"And little canst thou now suppose
"How my poor heart is swelling,
"To find myself at evening's close
"In this my peaceful dwelling."

And, true—his cheek is sallow now,
That once was bright and ruddy;
A fearful scar is on his brow,
The mark of battle bloody.
And oft in sleep disturb'd he seems,
While o'er him I am bending;
He makes the cross while in his dreams,
As if for life contending.

But happier hours are coming fast,
Sir Phelim—angels bless him—
Says Patrick Toole shall rest at last,
And nothing more distress him.
He grants a farm, with turf-ground near,
He grants a lease for ever;
And heaven will bless, I need not fear,
The honest heart's endeavour.

# Put round the bright Wine, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 43.)—CHILING O'GUIRY.

PUT round the bright wine, for my bosom is gay,
The night may have sunshine as well as the day;
Oh welcome the hours! when dear visions arise
To melt my kind spirit, and charm my fond eyes.
When wine to my head can its wisdom impart,
And love has its promise to make to my heart;
When dim in far shade sink the spectres of care,
And I tread a bright world with a footstep of air.

Yes, mirth is my goddess,—come round me, ye few,
Who have wit for her worship, I doat upon you:
Delighted with life, like a swallow on wing,
I catch ev'ry pleasure the current may bring:
The feast and the frolic, the masque and the ball,
Dear scenes of enchantment! I come at your call;
Let me meet the gay beings of beauty and song,
And let Erin's good humour be found in the throng.

If life be a dream—'tis a pleasant one sure,
And the dream of to-night we at least may secure;
If life be a bubble, tho' better I deem,
Let us light up its colours by gaiety's beam.
Away with cold vapours—I pity the mind
That nothing but dulness and darkness can find:
Give me the kind spirit that laughs on its way,
And turns thorns into roses, and winter to May.

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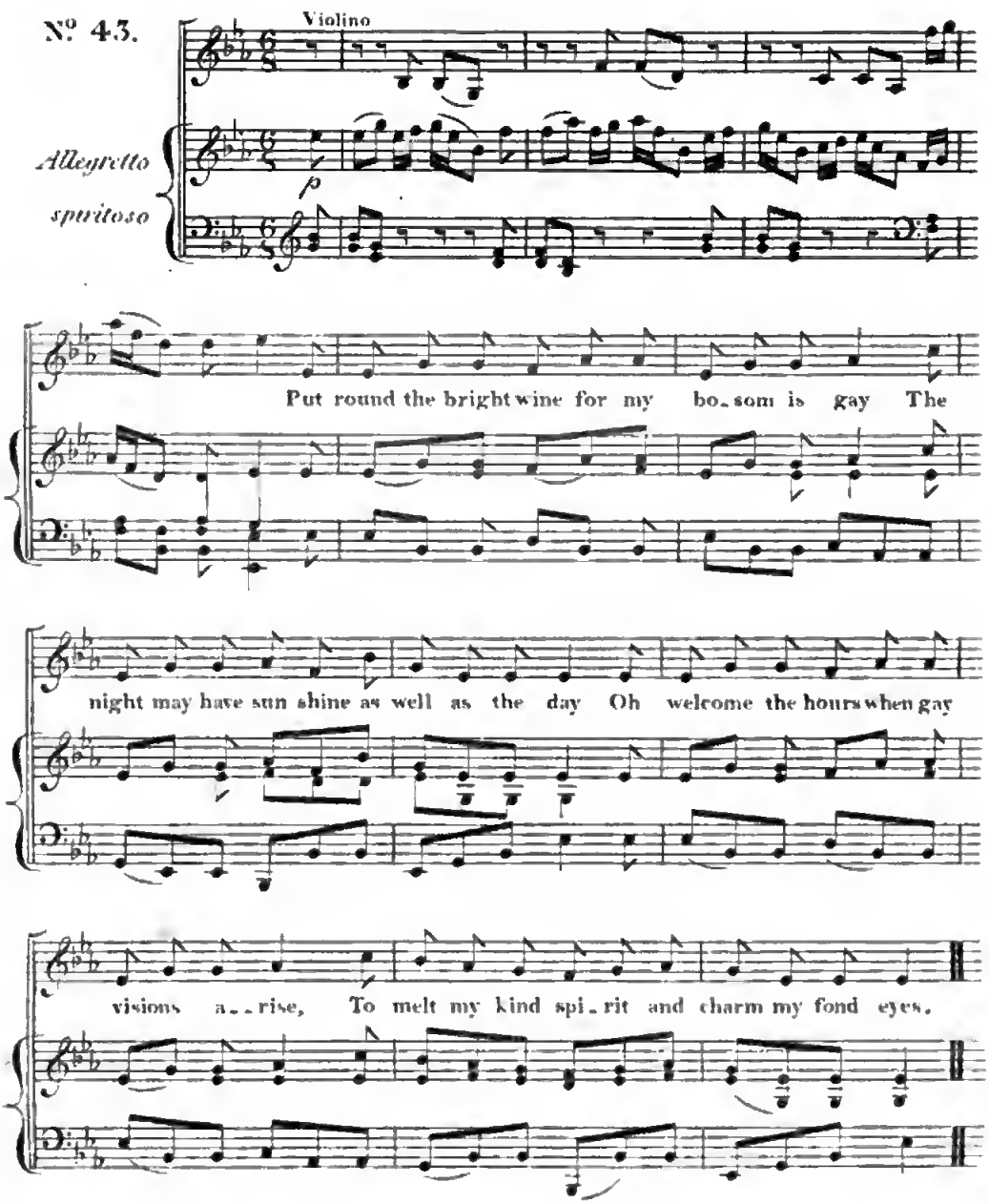
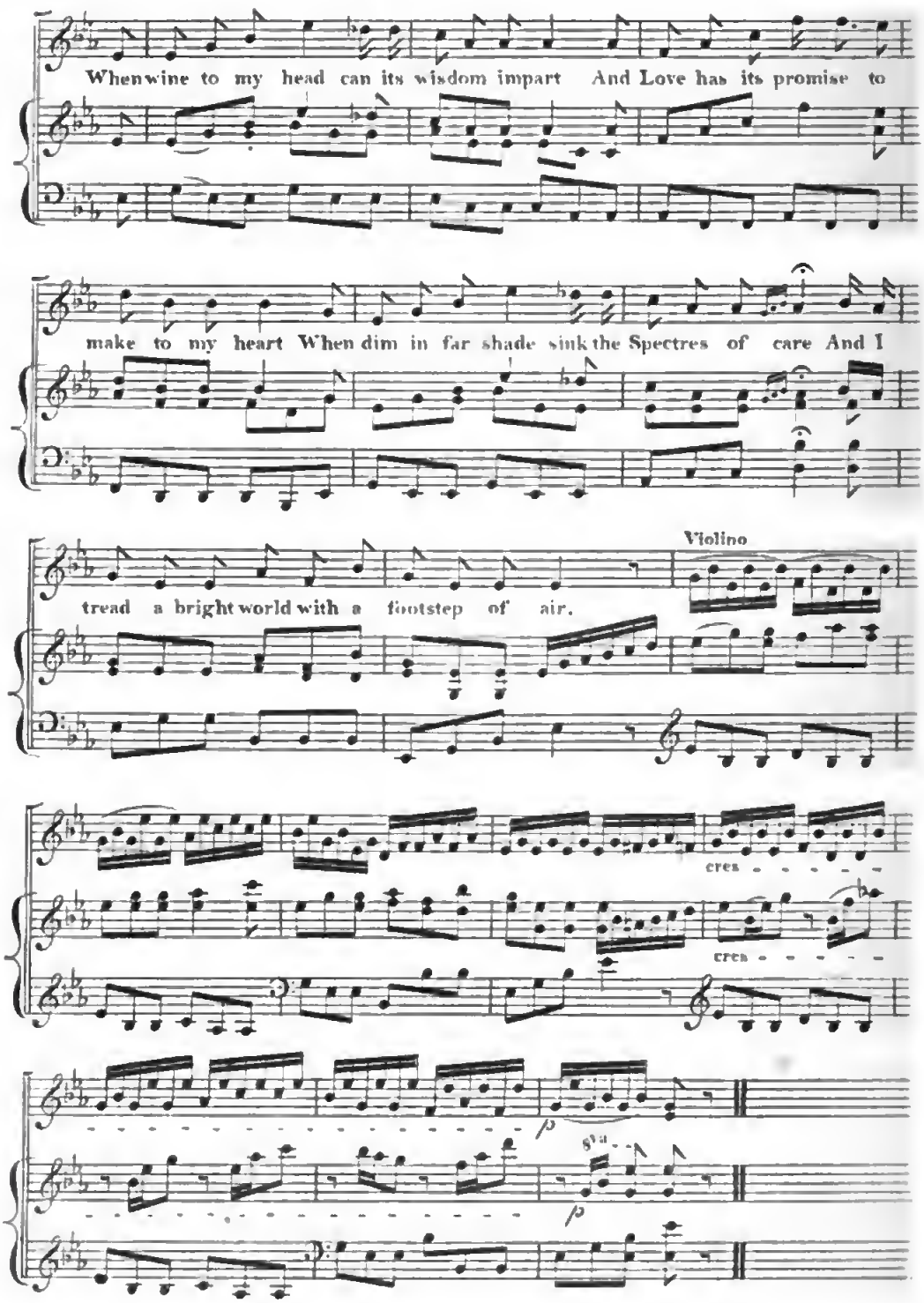
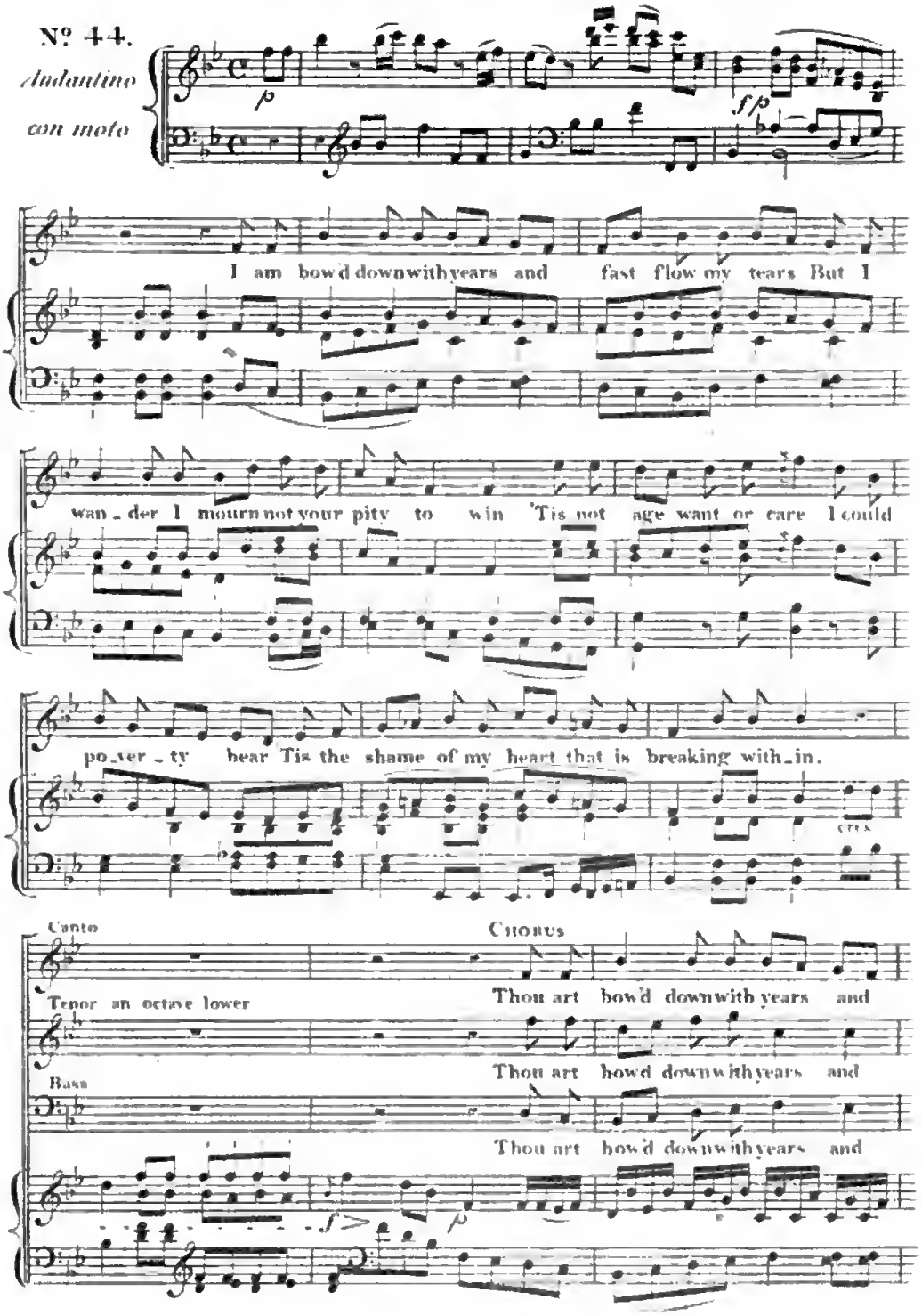
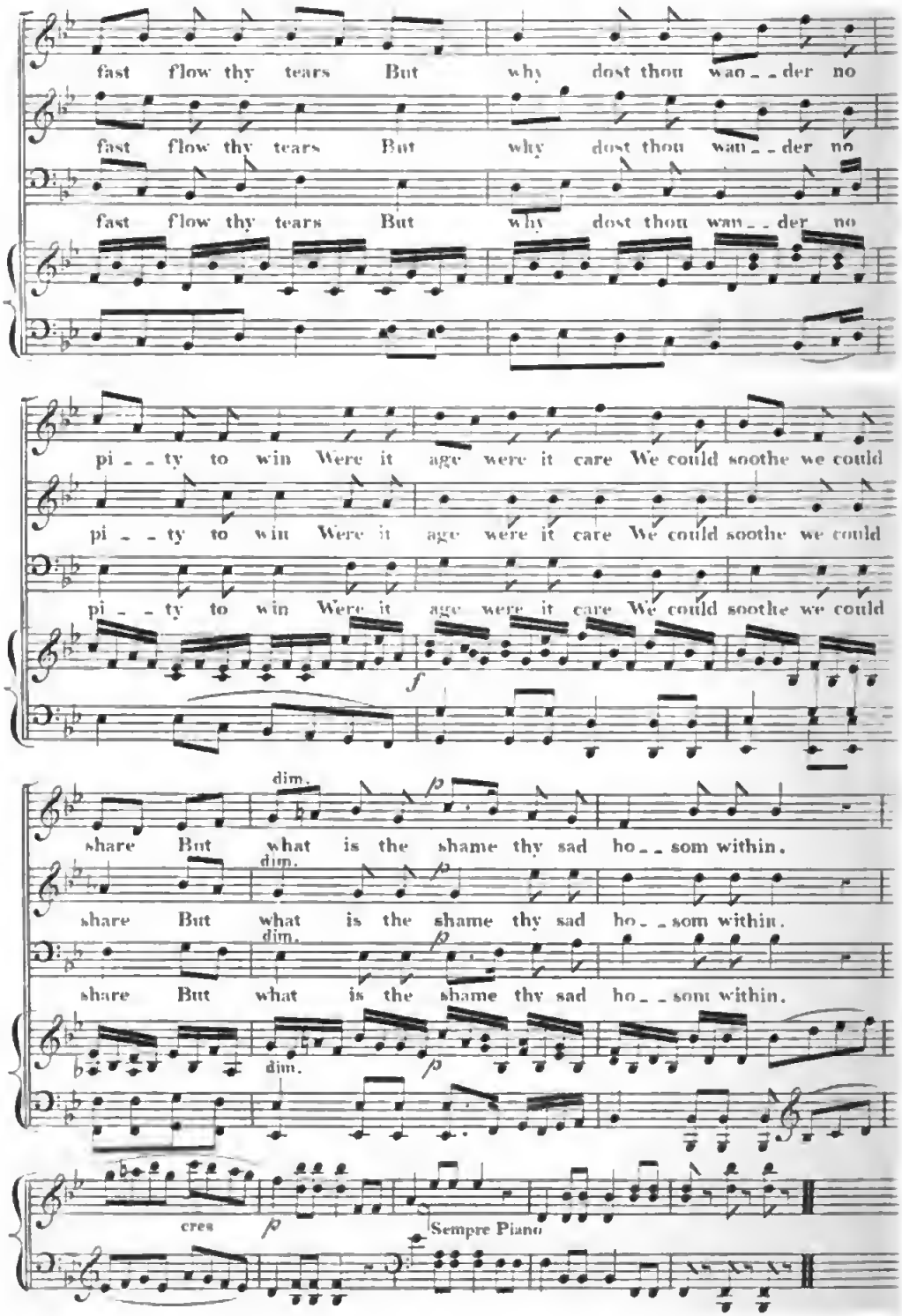
## *PUT ROUND THE BRIGHT WINE.*




When wine to my head can its wisdom impart And Love has its promise to
make to my heart When dim in far shade sink the Spectres of care And I
Violino
tread a bright world with a footstep of air.
cres
cres
8va

# I AM BOW'D DOWN WITH YEARS




fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan_ _der no
fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan_ _der no
fast flow thy tears But why dost thou wan_ _der no
pi_ _ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could
pi_ _ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could
pi_ _ty to win Were it age were it care We could soothe we could
f
dim.
p
share But what is the shame thy sad ho_ _som within.
dim.
p
share But what is the shame thy sad ho_ _som within.
dim.
p
share But what is the shame thy sad ho_ _som within.
dim.
p
cres
p
Sempre Piano

# I am bow'd down with Years.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

*The Name and Parentage of this Air not being well ascertained, the Editor takes leave to call it*

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.—(No. 44.)

I am bow'd down with years,
And fast flow my tears,
But I wander, I mourn not, your pity to win:
'Tis not age, want, or care,
I could poverty bear—
'Tis the shame of my heart that is breaking within.
Chorus.—Thou art bow'd down with years,
And fast flow thy tears,
But why dost thou wander no pity to win?
Were it age, were it care,
We could soothe, we could share—
But what is the shame thy sad bosom within?

Oh, if thou should'st hear—
From splendour's high sphere—
The sorrow, the tale, which these notes may convey!
Think, think, of past hours,
Thy dear native bowers,
And turn not, my love, from thy father away.
Chorus.—'Tis from Erin so dear,
The lay that we hear,
Then welcome the minstrel, and welcome the lay:
But where are the bowers,
And what are the hours,
And where is the daughter that wander'd away?

What peace hast thou known,
Since from me thou hast flown!
And, Eveleen, think but how wretched am I!
Oh let me but live,
Thy fault to forgive,
Again let me love thee, and bless thee, and die!
Chorus.—Oh cease then thy song,
She has languished too long;
She hoped not thy smile of forgiveness to see:
She sunk at the word,
Thy voice when she heard,
And she lives (if she lives,) but for virtue and thee.

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# 'Tis Sunshine at Last, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 45.)—MOLL ROONE.

'Tis sunshine at last—come, my Ellen, sit near me,
And twine me these roses—we sorrow no more;
Come taste of my cup, while it sparkles to cheer me,
The cup that I fill, now the tempest is o'er.
Oh! not that my mirth, with unhallowed intrusion,
Would thy geotle mind to rude transport beguile,
But catch from my bowl one fond passing illusioo,
And crown my gay heart with thy sympathy's smile.

Come taste of my cup—for 'till Ellen shall share it,
In vain are the roses—io vaio is the wioe:
Past sorrow shall sweeten, and love shall prepare it,
For forms that are softer and finer like thine.
Bright beams a new world, and sweet visions break o'er us,
And as landscapes are fresher when past are the show'rs,
So richer the bliss and the gay hopes before us—
For where are the hearts that have sorrow'd like oors.

Oh! ever, my love, must I think of that season,
When, friendless, we mingled our terrors and sighs;
And how had I failed, io the night of my reason,
Had comfort not beam'd from thine eloqueot eyes.
Take the glass that I fill, take the homage I reoder:
No riot shall break the soft dreams of the soul;
Around us shall breathe an Elysium more tender,
And finer enchantment be waked from my bowl.

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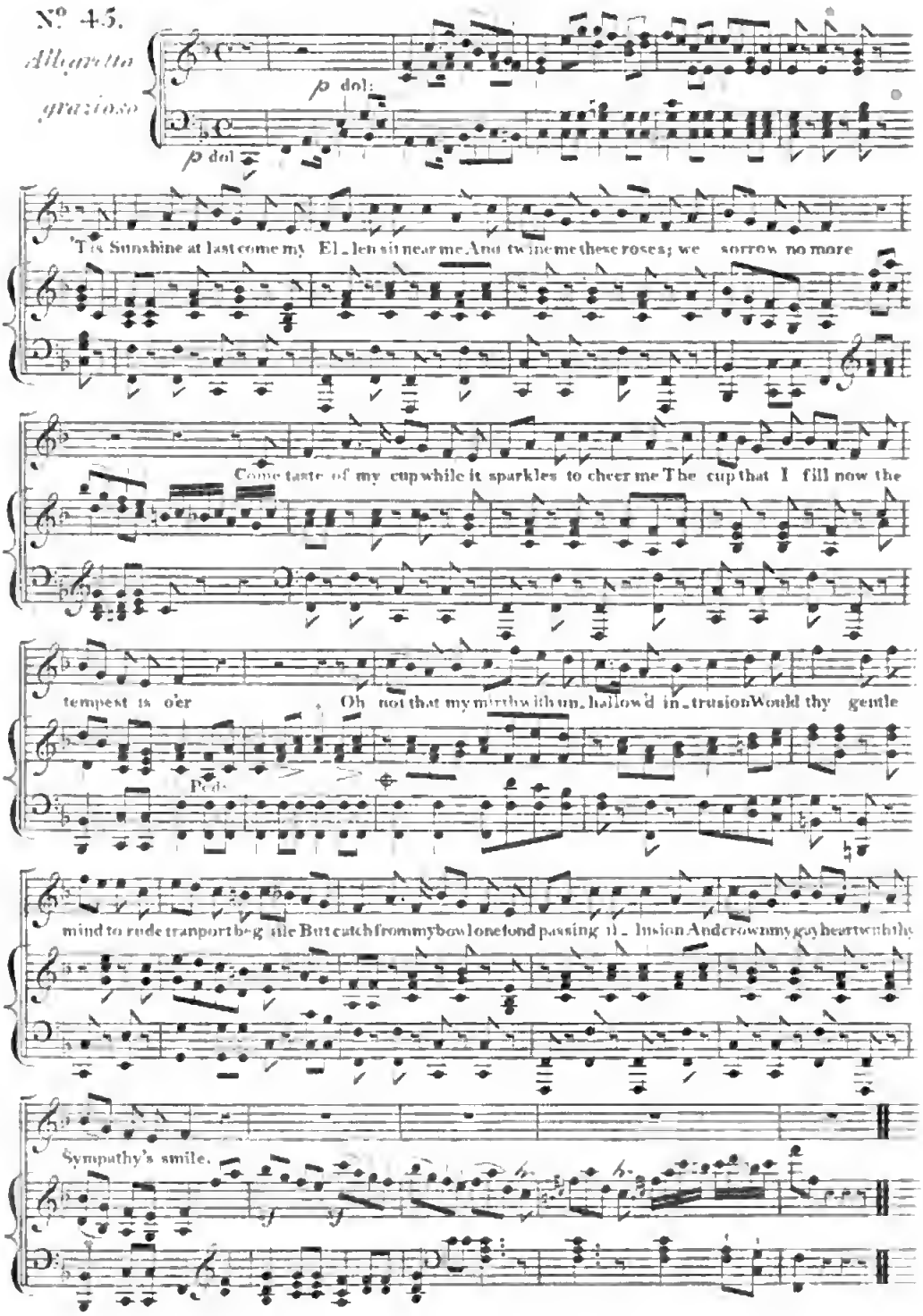
# 'TIS SUNSHINE AT LAST.



## OH! WHO MY DEAR DERMOT. &c.

Nº 46.

Violino

Andante.

Piz

Oh who my dear Dermot has dar'd to de_ceive thee? And what's the dis_ _honour this gold is to buy? Back, back to thy tempter or No_rah shall leave thee To hide her in woods and in de_sarts to die.

Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped

Piz

pp

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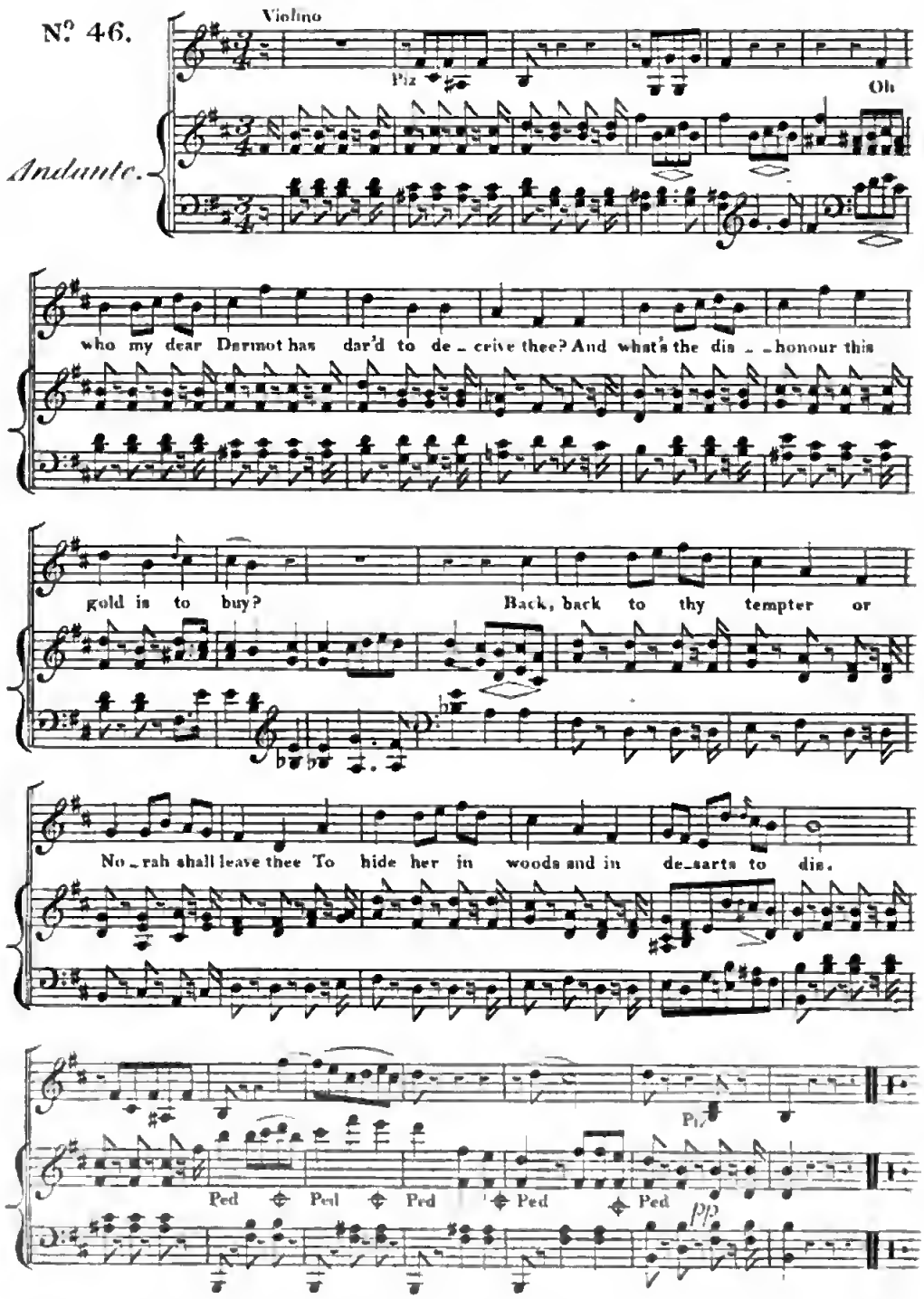

# Oh! who, my dear Dermot, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 46.)—CROOGHAN A VENEE.

Oh! who, my dear Dermot, has dared to deceive thee,
And what's the dishonour this gold is to buy?
Back,—back to thy tempter,—or Norah shall leave thee,
To hide her in woods, and in desarts to die.

Tho' poor, we are honest, and will not this cheer us,
Thy sire and thy grandsire have ask'd for no more;
And shame with its shadow has never come near us
To shut out the sun from our cabin before.

Oh look at yon lark, where the sky shines so brightly,
Say why does it carol its echoing lay:
Is't singiog so gaily, and mounting so lightly,
Because it finds gold in the dawn of the day?

Oh! Dermot, thy heart is with agony swelling,
For once it was honest, and honour its law—
An Irishman thou, and have bribes in thy dwelling!
Back, back to thy tempter,—go,—Erin go Bragh.

# The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 47.)—SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

The pulse of an Irishman ever beats quicker
When war is the story, or love is the theme;
And place him where bullets fly thicker and thicker,
You'll find him all cowardice scorning.
And tho' a ball should maim poor Darby,
Light at the heart he rallies on,
" Fortune is cruel,
" But Norah my jewel
" Is kind, and with smiling
" My sorrow beguiling,
" Shall bid from our cabin all care to be gone;
" And how they will jig it,
" And tug at the spigot
" On Patriek's day in the morning."

O blest be the land in the wide western waters,
Sweet Erin, lov'd Erin, the pride of my song,
Still brave be the sons, and still fair be the daughters
Thy meads and thy mountains adorning!
And tho' the eastern sun seems tardy,
Tho' the pure light of knowledge slow,
Night and delusion,
And darkling confusion,
Like mists from the river
Shall vanish for ever,
And true Irish hearts with warm loyalty glow;
And proud exultation
Burst forth from the nation
On Patrick's day in the morning.

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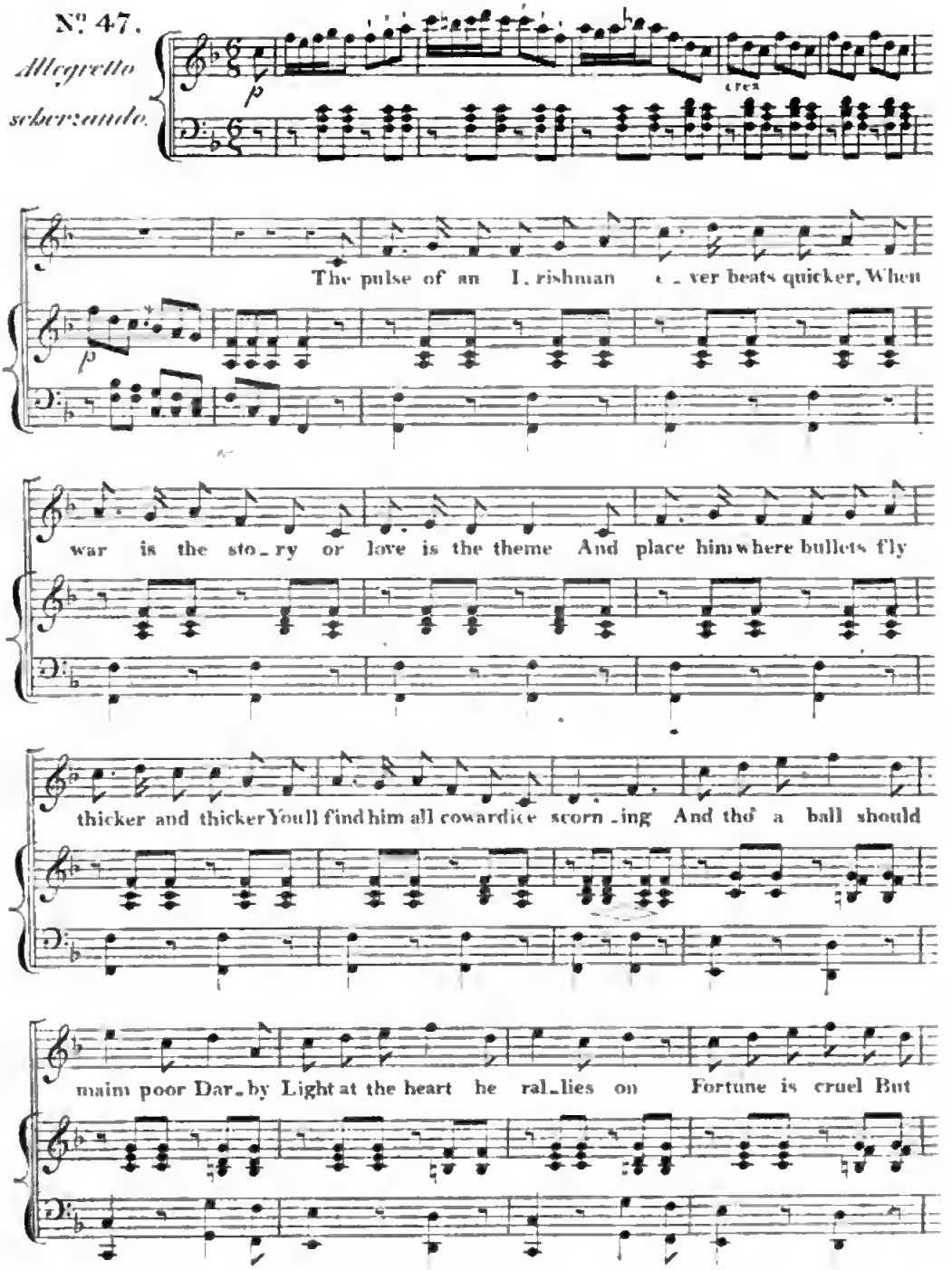
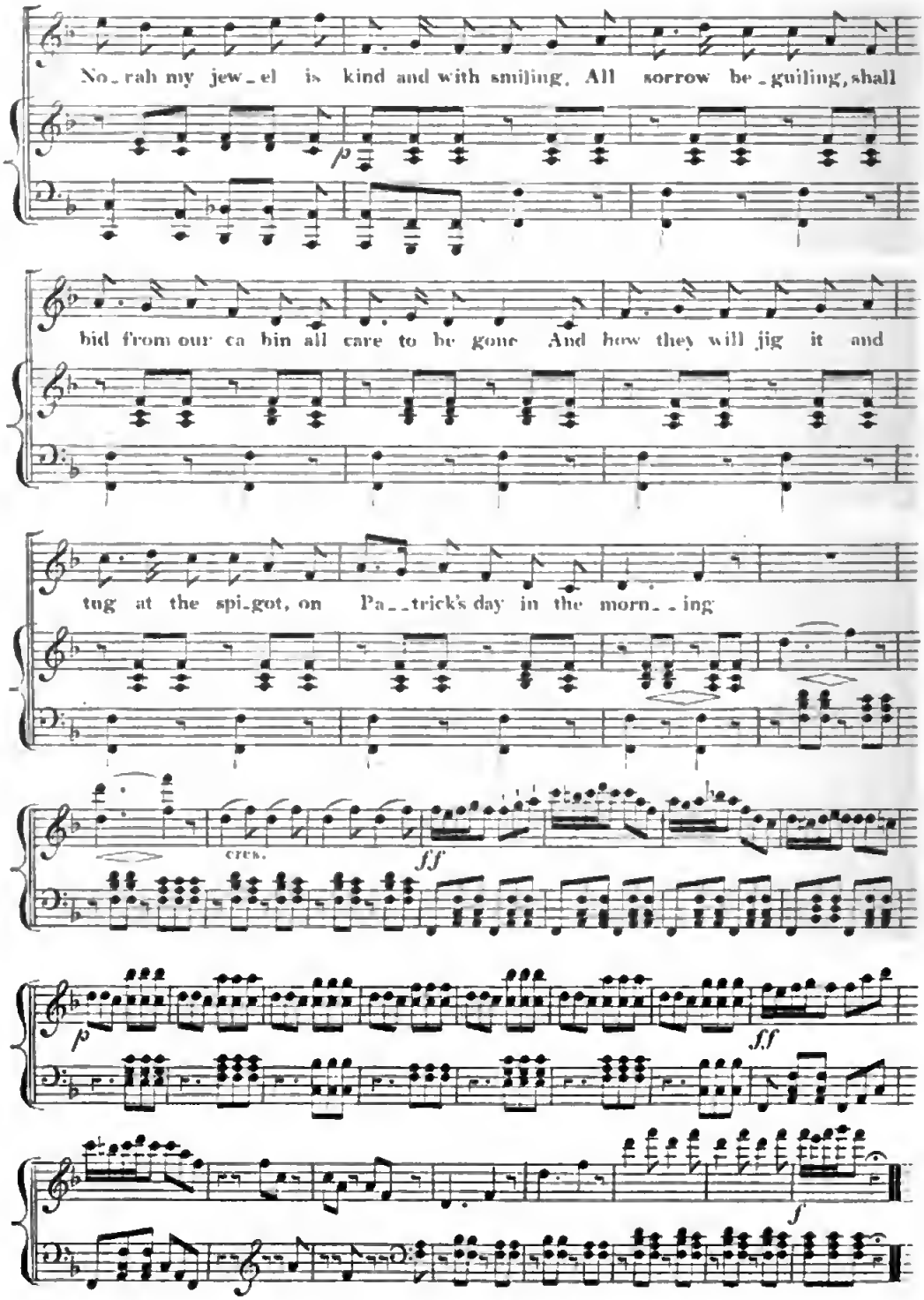
## THE PULSE OF AN IRISHMAN.

No. 47.

*Allegretto scherzando.*



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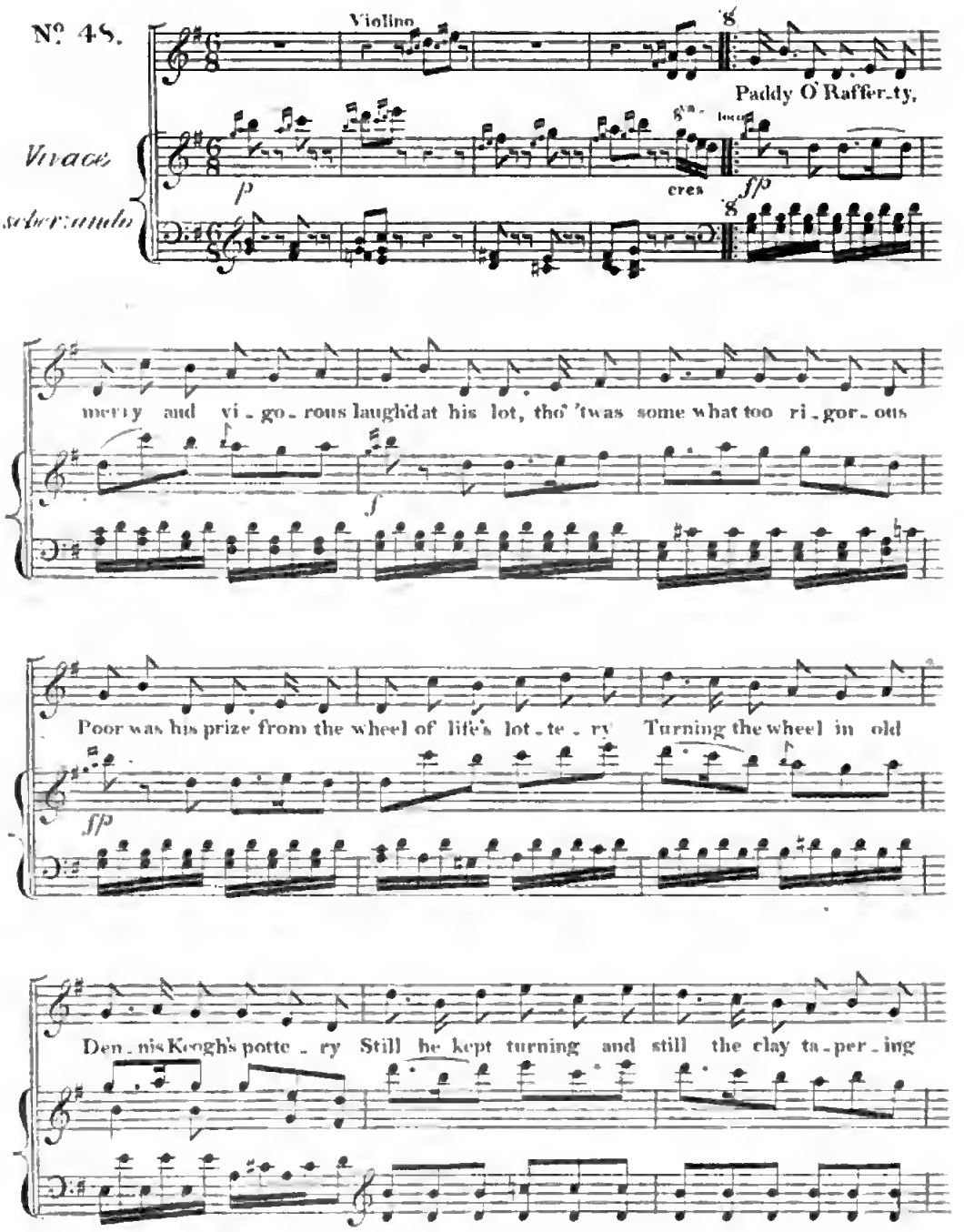
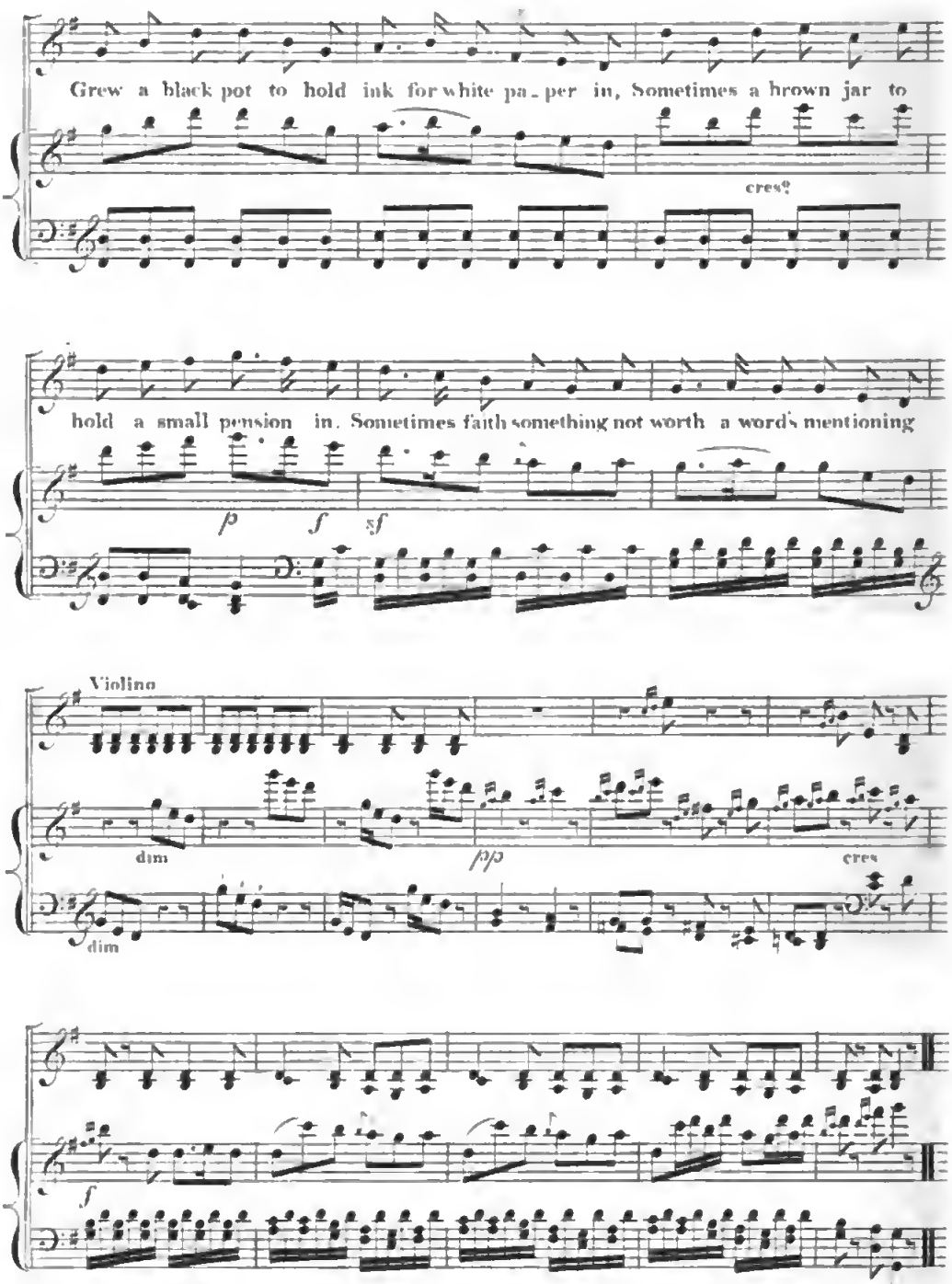
# PADDY O'RAFFERTY.




Grew a black pot to hold ink for white pa_per in, Sometimes a brown jar to
cres?
hold a small pension in. Sometimes faith something not worth a word's mentioning
p
f
sf
Violino
dim
pp
cres
dim
f

# Paddy O'Rafferty.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 48.)—PADDY O'RAFFERTY.

PADDY O'RAFFERTY, merry and vigorous,
Laugh'd at his lot, tho' 'twas somewhat too rigorous;
Poor was his prize from the wheel of life's lottery,
Turning the wheel in old Dennis Keogh's pottery.
Still he kept turning, and still the clay tapering,
Grew a black pot to hold ink for white paper in,
Sometimes a brown jar to hoard a small pension in,
Sometimes, faith, something not worth a word's mentioning.

Arrah, quoth Paddy, and so goes the round about,
So come those fortunes they make such a sound about,
Some in their save-alls their thousands are gathering,
Some from these ink-pots great families fathering.
So Mister Keogh I no longer will stay with ye,
Luck whispers Paddy, take heart and away with ye;
Stout are your limbs, a good countenance carrying,
Why should not Paddy catch money by marrying.

Pat took the hint and gambol'd like a mountebank,
Small were his dealings with town or with county bank,
Short his accounts were, and no need of docqueting,
Light was his money bag, easy in pocketing.
Up with his bundle, his trusty stick shouldering,
Let them, quoth Pat, stay at home and be mouldering;
But a smooth shilling I'd willingly *now* wager,
Paddy O'Rafferty hooks an old dowager.

# Oh! would I were but that sweet Linnet.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 49.)—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING THE COWS.

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!—
That I had my apple tree too!
Could sit all the sunny day on it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,—
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,—
There's never good luck for poor me!

Quite set was my heart all the Sunday
On going to Killaloe fair,—
So my father fell ill on the Monday,
And, look ye,—I could not be there.
And it was not the fair that I minded,
For there was I Dermot to see;
But I'm always before or behind it,
And there's never good luck for poor me.

I tried with my sweetest behaviour
To tell our good priest my distress;
And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me.

Ye Saints, with the Virgin! believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I'll love you—the length of my days.
In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see,—
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck! to dear Dermot and me.

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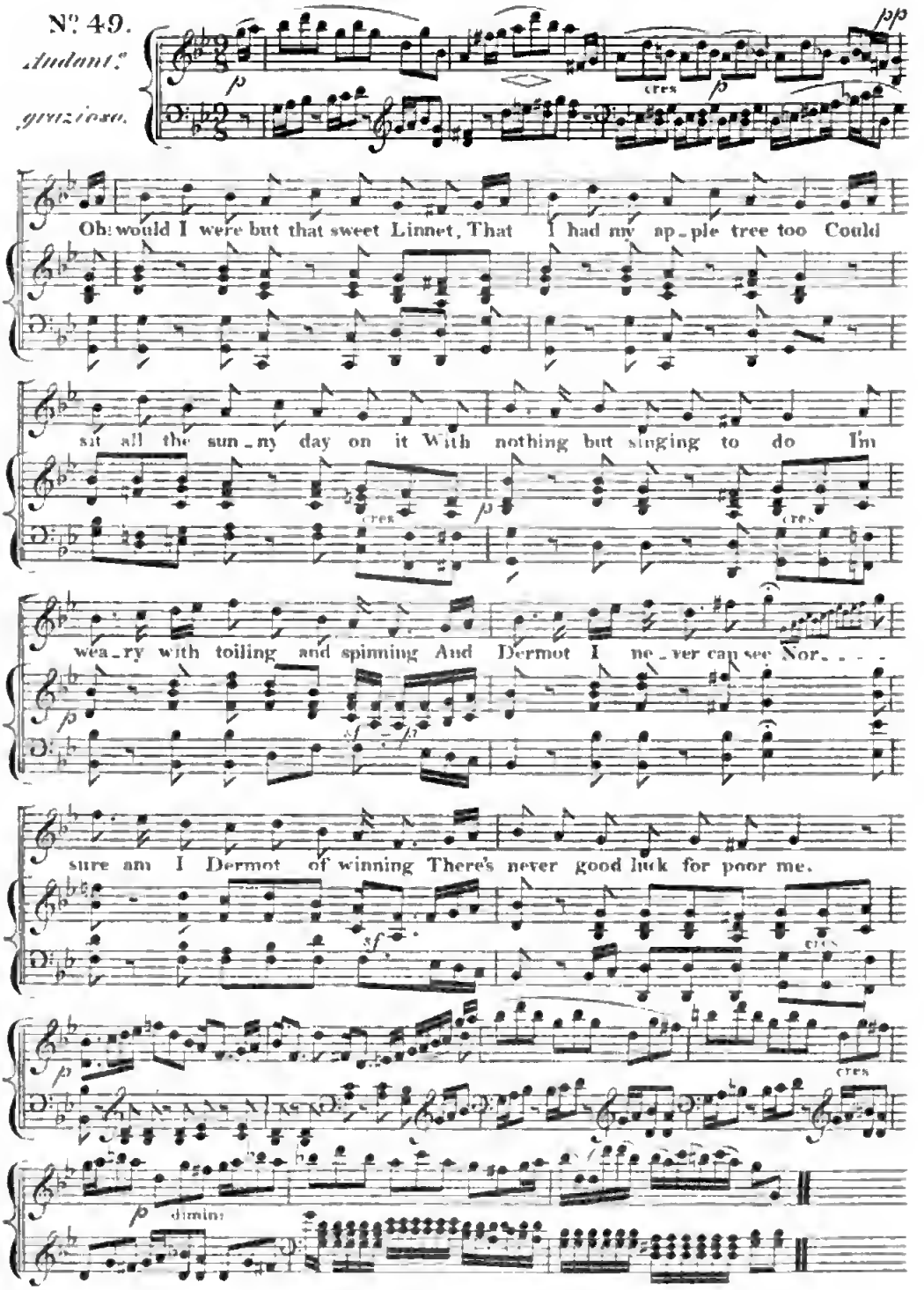
## *OH! WOULD I WERE BUT THAT SWEET LINNET.*

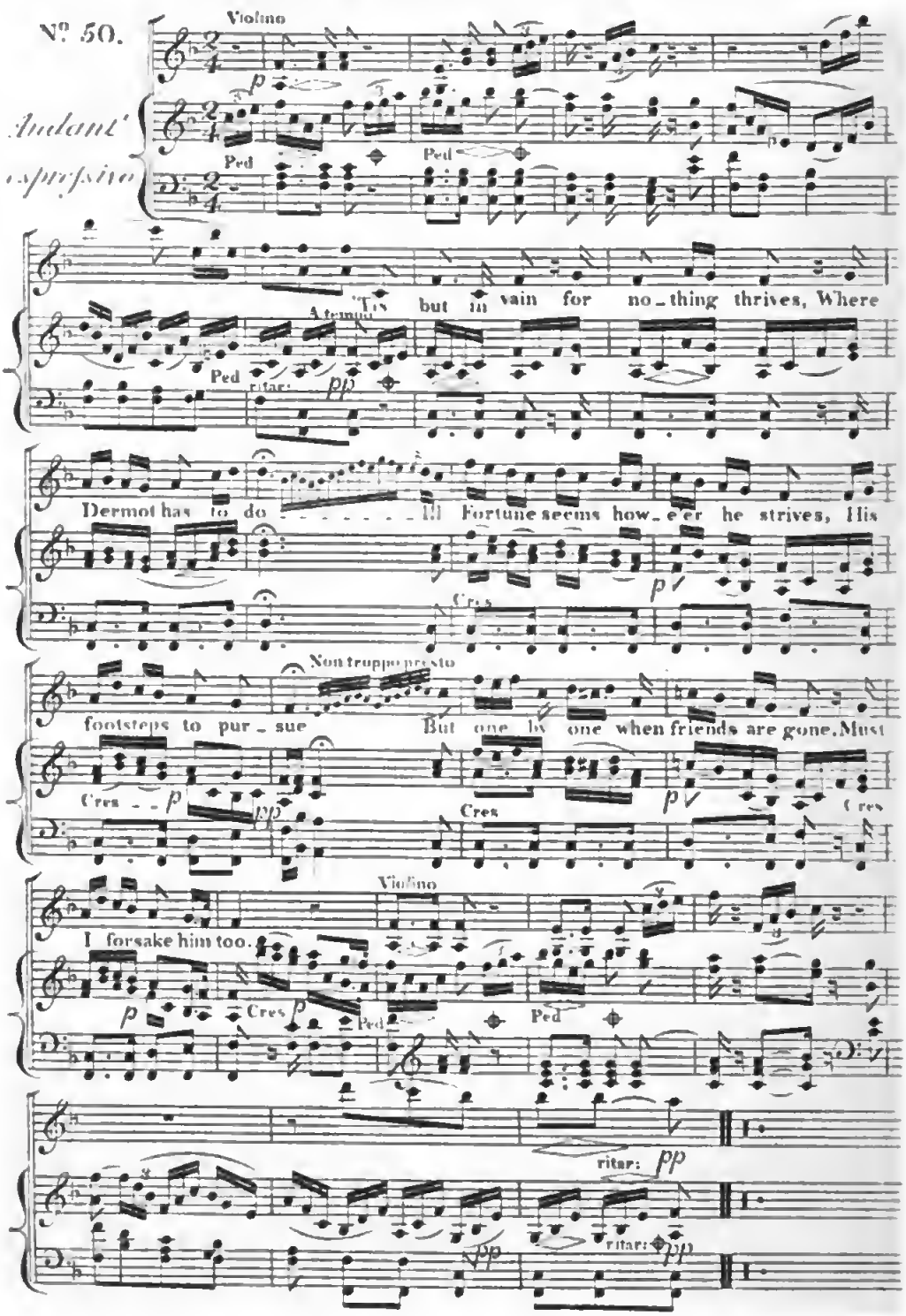
N°. 49.

*Andante.*

*grazioso.*



# 'TIS BUT IN VAIN FOR NOTHING THRIVES.



# 'Tis but in vain,—for nothing thrives.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 50.)—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

'Tis but in vain,—for nothing thrives
Where Dermot has to do,—
Ill fortune seems, howe'er he strives,
His footsteps to pursue!
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

O poverty! full sure thou art
A foe the most unkind;
And weary, weary is the heart
That feels thee still behind.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

I would my Lord could only see,
(For little can he know,)
How cruel can the Driver be, *
How sad my Dermot's woe.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

Next month he sails to find a home
Beyond the western tide;
And heav'n knows where he means to roam,
His houseless head to hide.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

My father says he cannot part,
And shews his hair so grey,—
My mother's tears,—I see them start,
When thinking of the day.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

Oh! breathe it not thou passing wind,
I tell it thee alone,
My Dermot is not always kind—
He breaks my heart, I own.
But one by one, when friends are gone,
Must I forsake him too.

* The Driver is a character but too well known in Ireland,—the man who drives off the cattle for sale, when a distress is taken out for payment of rent.

# Save me from the Grave and Wise.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 51.)—NORA CREINA.

Save me from the grave and wise,
For vainly would I tax my spirit,
Be the thing that I despise,
And rival all their stupid merit.
On!—my careless laughing heart,
O dearest Fancy let me find thee,
Let me but from sorrow part,
And leave this moping world behind me.
Chorus.—Speak ye wiser than the wise,
Breathe aloud your welcome measure,
Youthful fancy well can prize
The words that counsel Love and Pleasure.

Is it merry look, or speech,
Or bounding step that thus displeases?
Go and graver movements teach
To yon light goss'mer on the breezes:
Go where breathes the opening spring,
And chide the flowers for gaily blowing,
Tell the linnet not to sing
In jocund May, when noon is glowing.
Chorus.—Speak ye wiser, &c.

Hence with wisdom, dull and drear,
And welcome folly at a venture:
Cease my song,—a sound I hear,—
The planxty comes—the dancers enter.
In yon throng, if I should see
Some gallant, giddy, gay adviser,
Who through life might counsel me,
He indeed might make me wiser.
Chorus.—Speak ye wiser, &c.

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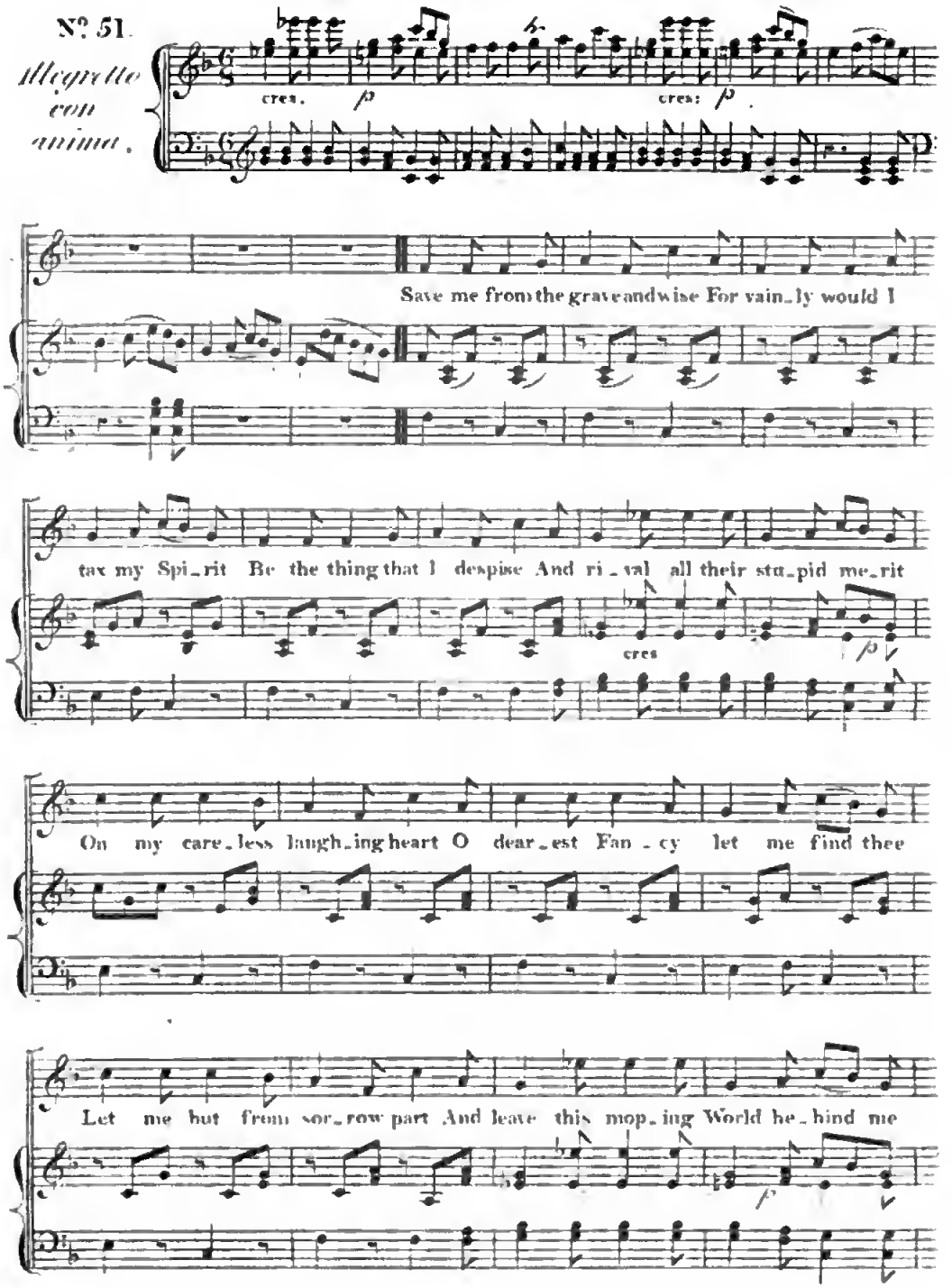
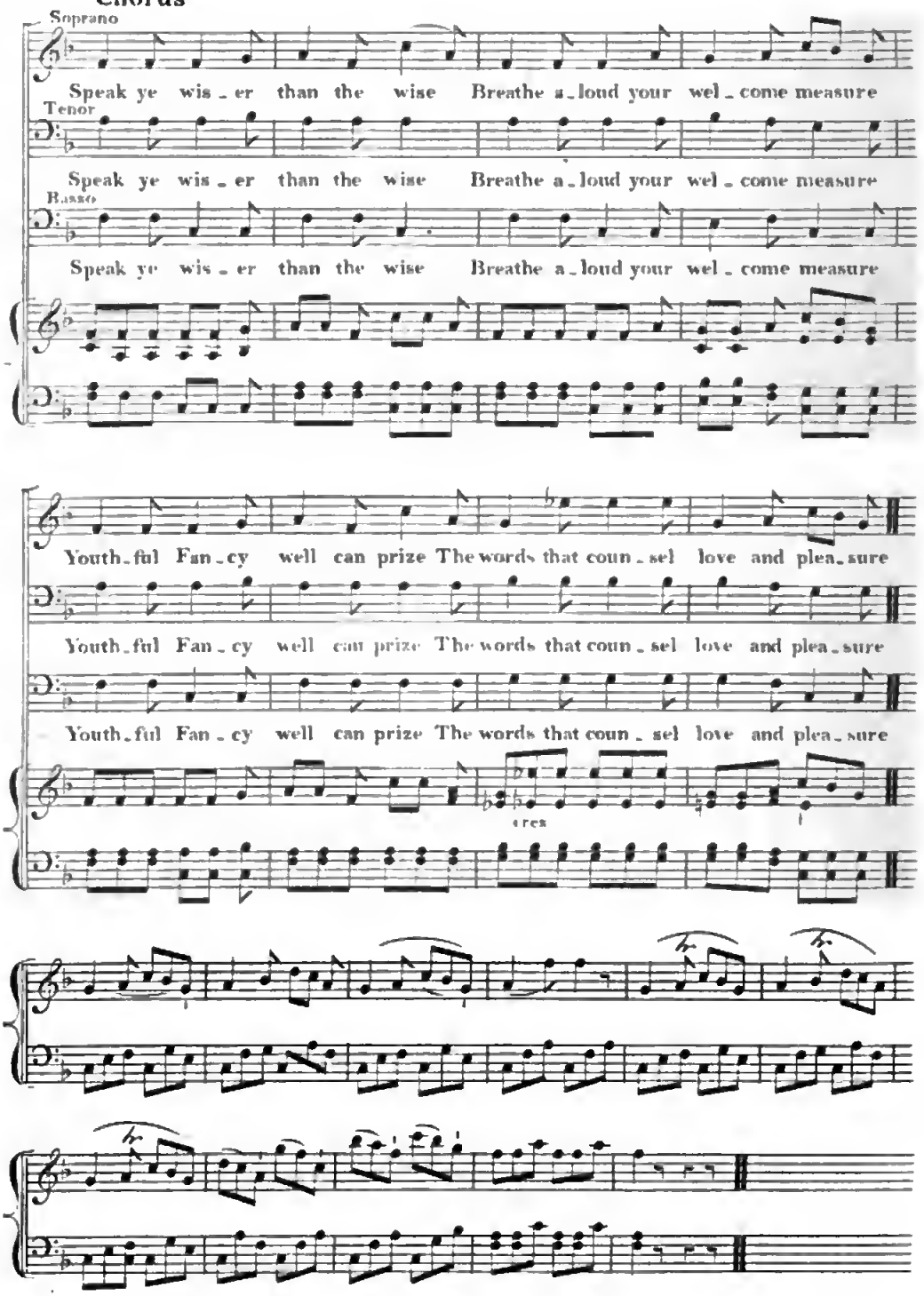
## *SAVE ME FROM THE GRAVE AND WISE.*

**N°. 51.**

*Allegretto con anima.*

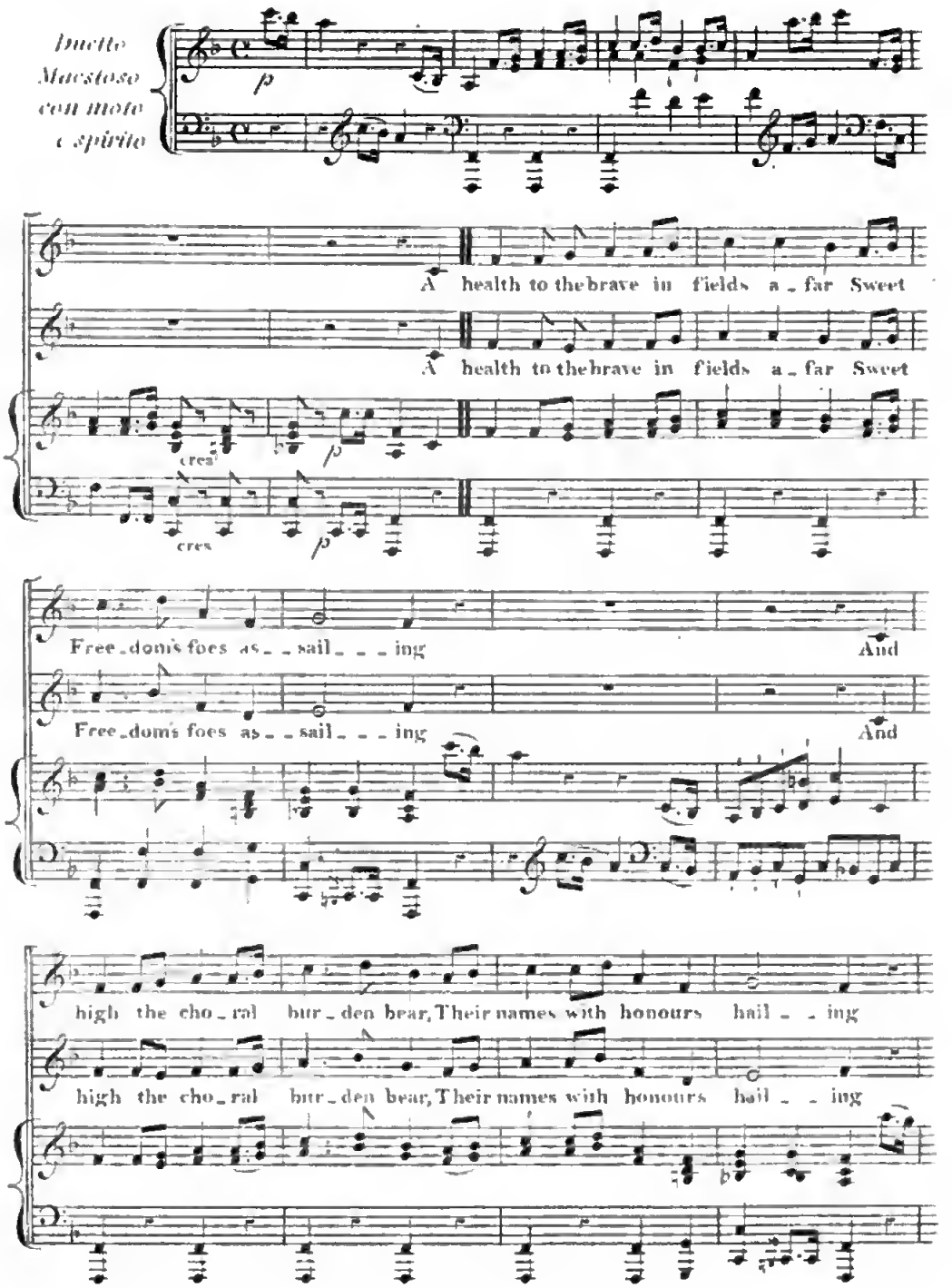


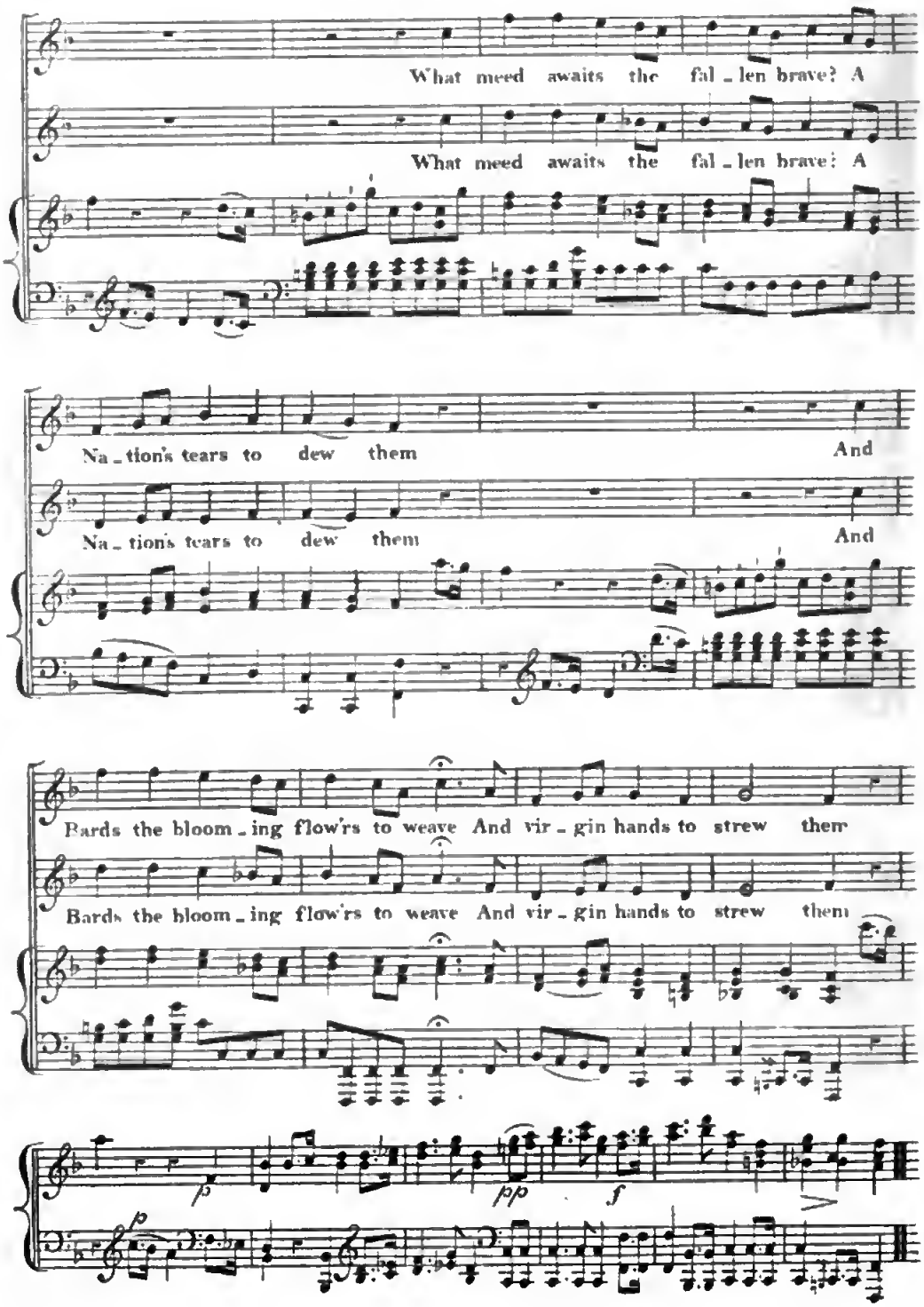
## Chorus


Soprano
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure
Tenor
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure
Basso
Speak ye wis - er than the wise Breathe a - loud your wel - come measure
Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure
Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure
Youth - ful Fan - cy well can prize The words that coun - sel love and plea - sure
cres

## A HEALTH TO THE BRAVE.

No. 52.




What meed awaits the fal - len brave? A
What meed awaits the fal - len brave? A
Na - tion's tears to dew them And
Na - tion's tears to dew them And
Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them
Bards the bloom - ing flow'rs to weave And vir - gin hands to strew them
p
pp
f
p

# A Health to the Brave.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By JOHN F. M. DOVASTON, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 52.)—THE RED FOX.

A health to the brave, in fields afar
  Sweet Freedom's foes assailing;
And high the choral burden bear,
  Their names with honours hailing.
What meed awaits the fallen brave?
  A nation's tears to dew them,
And bards the blooming flowers to weave,
  And virgin hands to strew them.

But what their meed to whom return
  In triumph's car is granted?—
Beside their comrade's laurel'd urn,
  To see the olive planted.
To hear the good, the great, the fair,
  Rich notes of rapture pealing,
That high the choral burden bear,
  Their names with honours hailing.

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# He promised me at Parting.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 53.)—KILLEAVY.

He promis'd me at parting,
To meet me at tha spring time here;
Yet see yon roses blooming,
The blossoms how they disappear.
Return, my dearest Dermot!
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! when shall I see thee more.

He went to look for treasures,
They're found they say in London town;
And 'tis for me he means them,
Both golden store and silken gown.
I want but *thee*, my Dermot!
Nor silken gown, nor golden store;—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! when shall I see thee more.

No longer have I pleasure,
Nor at the wake, nor merry fair,—
They mock me at the bridal,—
And why indeed is Norah there!
I sit as if I heard not
The planxty I so lov'd before,—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! when shall I see thee more.

Why go to that great city,
Oh why so far from Norah roam,
Return to those that love thee,
There's little love so far from home.
Thou art not faithless, Dermot,
Yet sure the spring is almost o'er,—
Fair long have blown the breezes,
Oh! when shall I see thee more.

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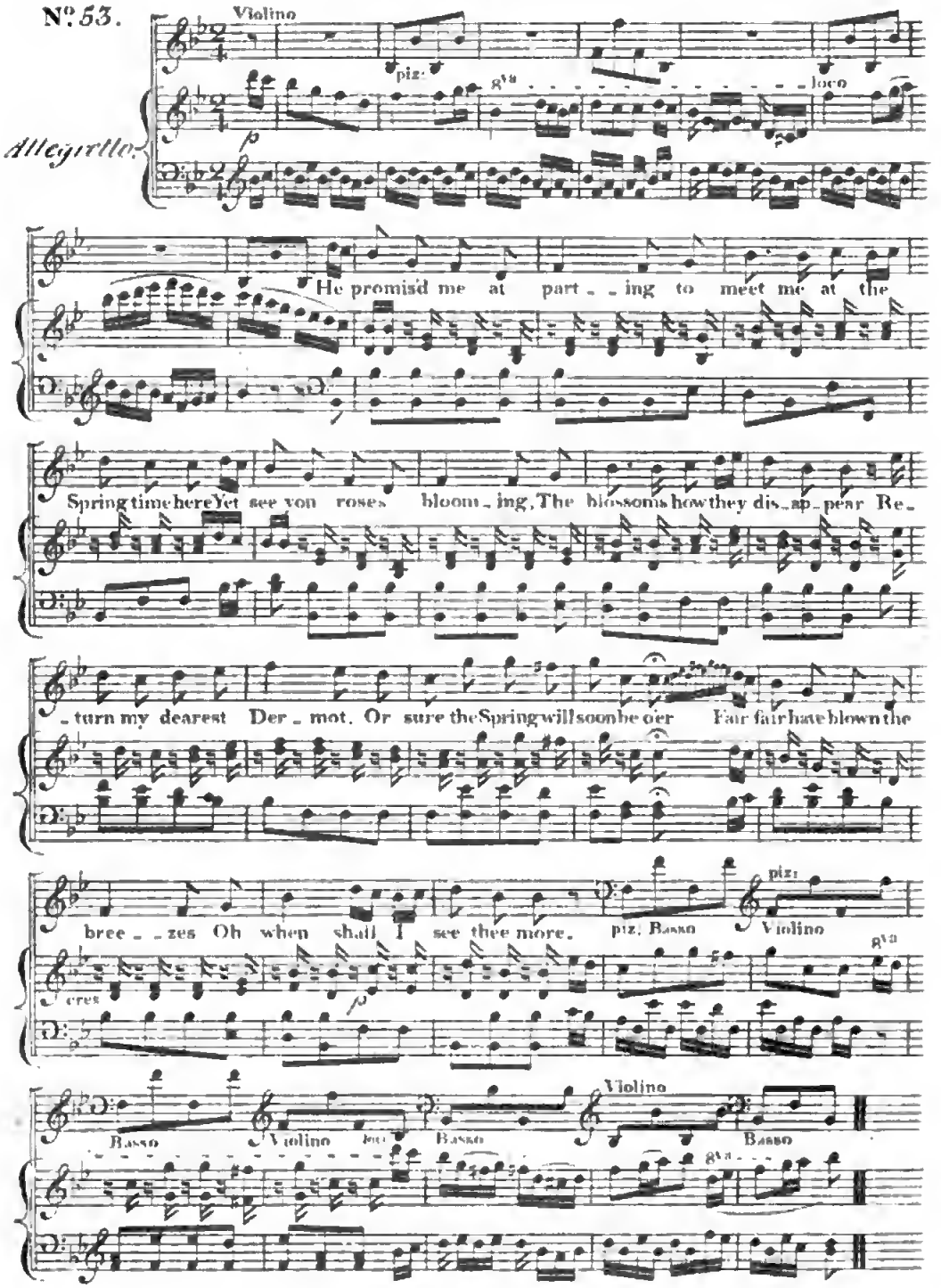
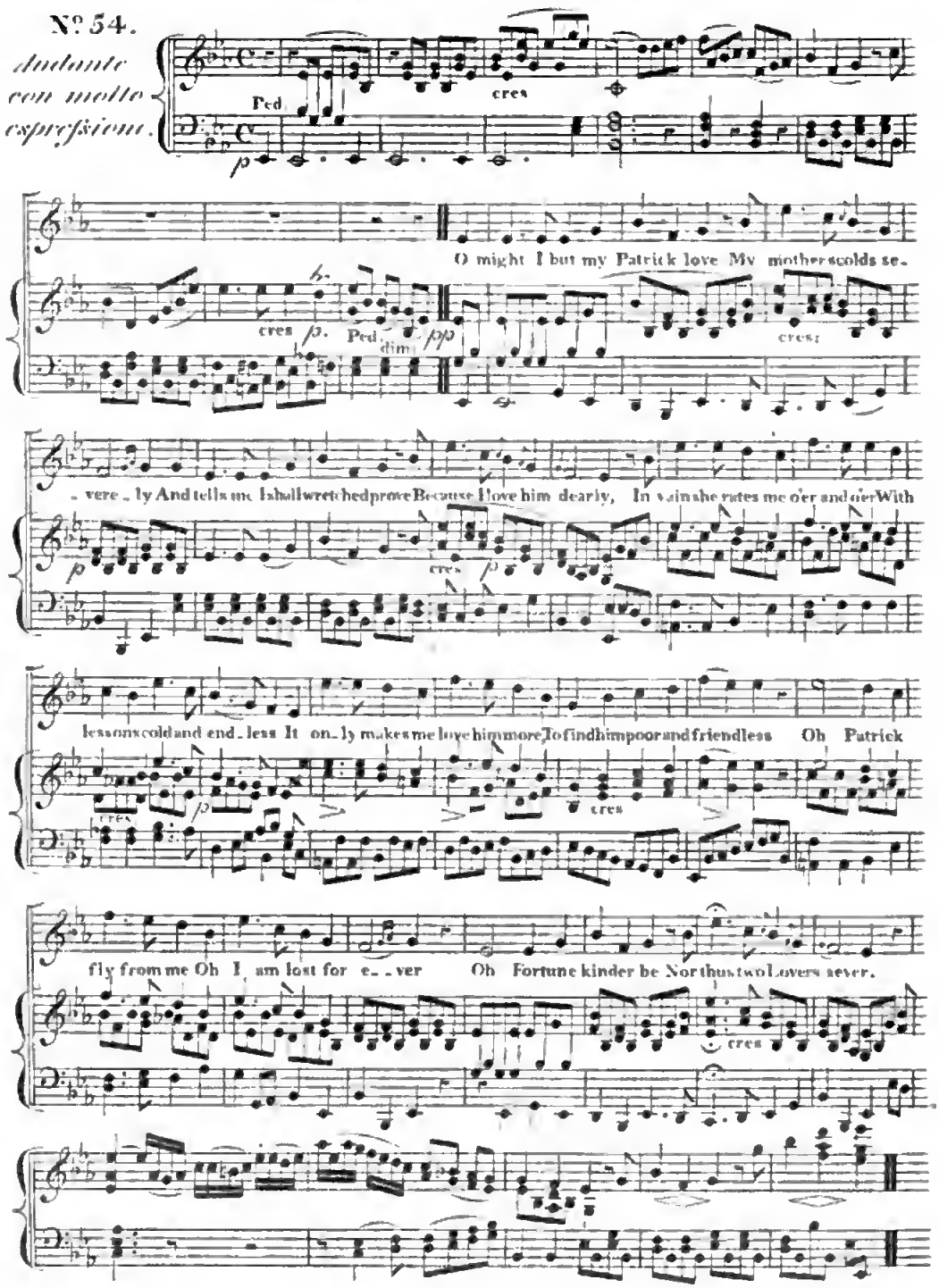
## *HE PROMIS'D ME AT PARTING.*



## O MIGHT I BUT MY PATRICK LOVE.



# O might I but my Patrick love.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 54.)—*Communicated without a name to the Editor.*

O might I but my Patrick love!
My mother scolds severely,
And tells me I shall wretched prove,
Because I love him dearly!
In vain she rates me o'er and o'er
With lessons cold and endless;
It only makes me love him more,
To find him poor and friendless.
Oh! Patrick, fly from me,
Or I am lost for ever—
Oh! Fortune kinder be,
Nor thus two Lovers sever.

What bliss, to me my Patrick cries,
In splendour and in riches?
He says, we love too little prize,
That gold too much bewitches!
More blest the lark, tho' hard its doom
Whene'er the winter rages,
Than birds, he says, of finer plume,
That mope in gilded cages.
Oh! Patrick fly from me, &c.

He tells me when the bosom's warm,
We mock the storm that's blowing,
That honest hearts can take no harm
Tho' hard the world be going.
He says,—ah me! I'm sore afraid
Lest I from duty faulter;
I wish he could as soon persuade
The mother as the daughter.
Oh! Patrick fly from me, &c.

# Come, Darby dear, easy,—be easy!

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

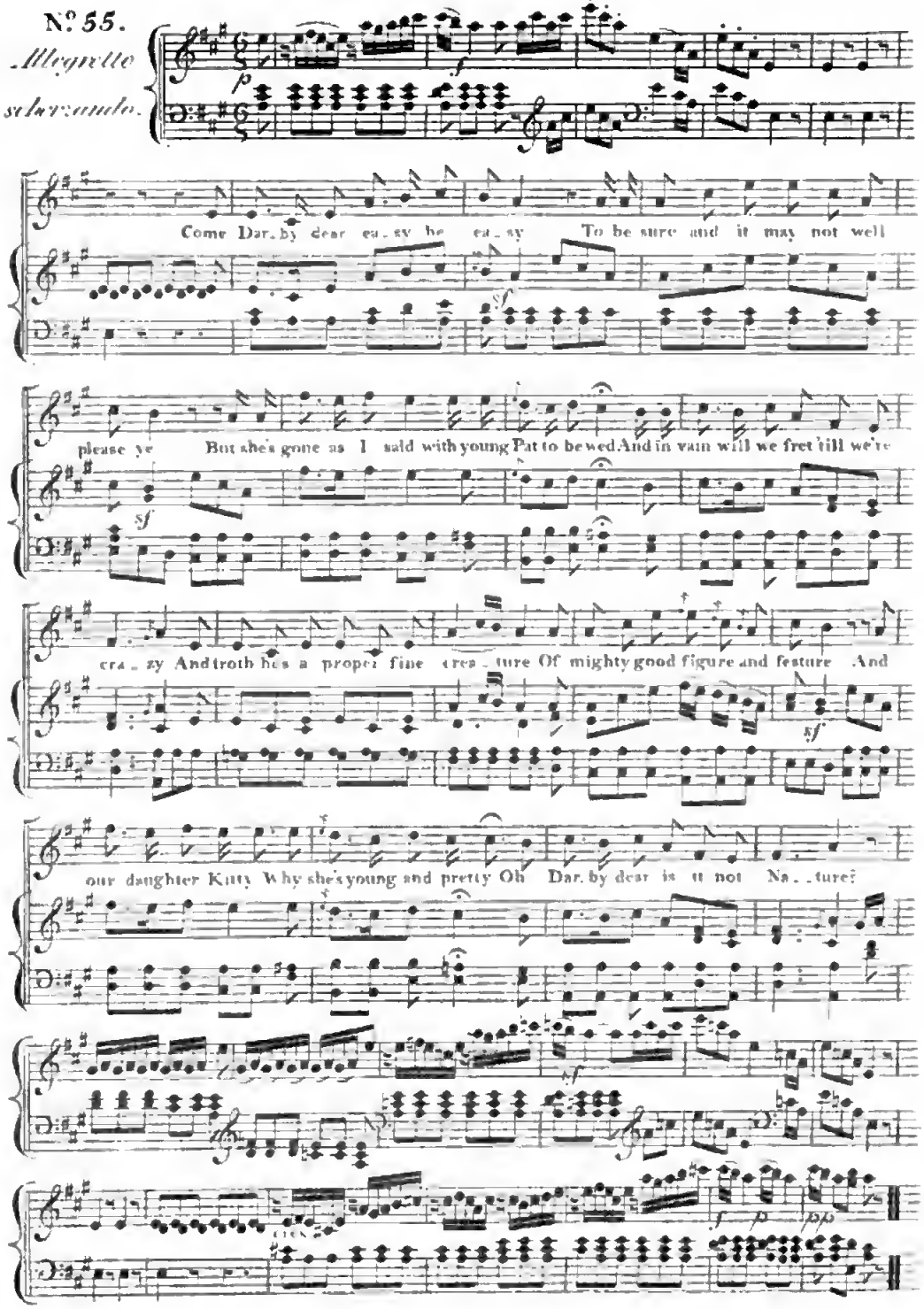
*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 55.)—KATE KEARNEY.

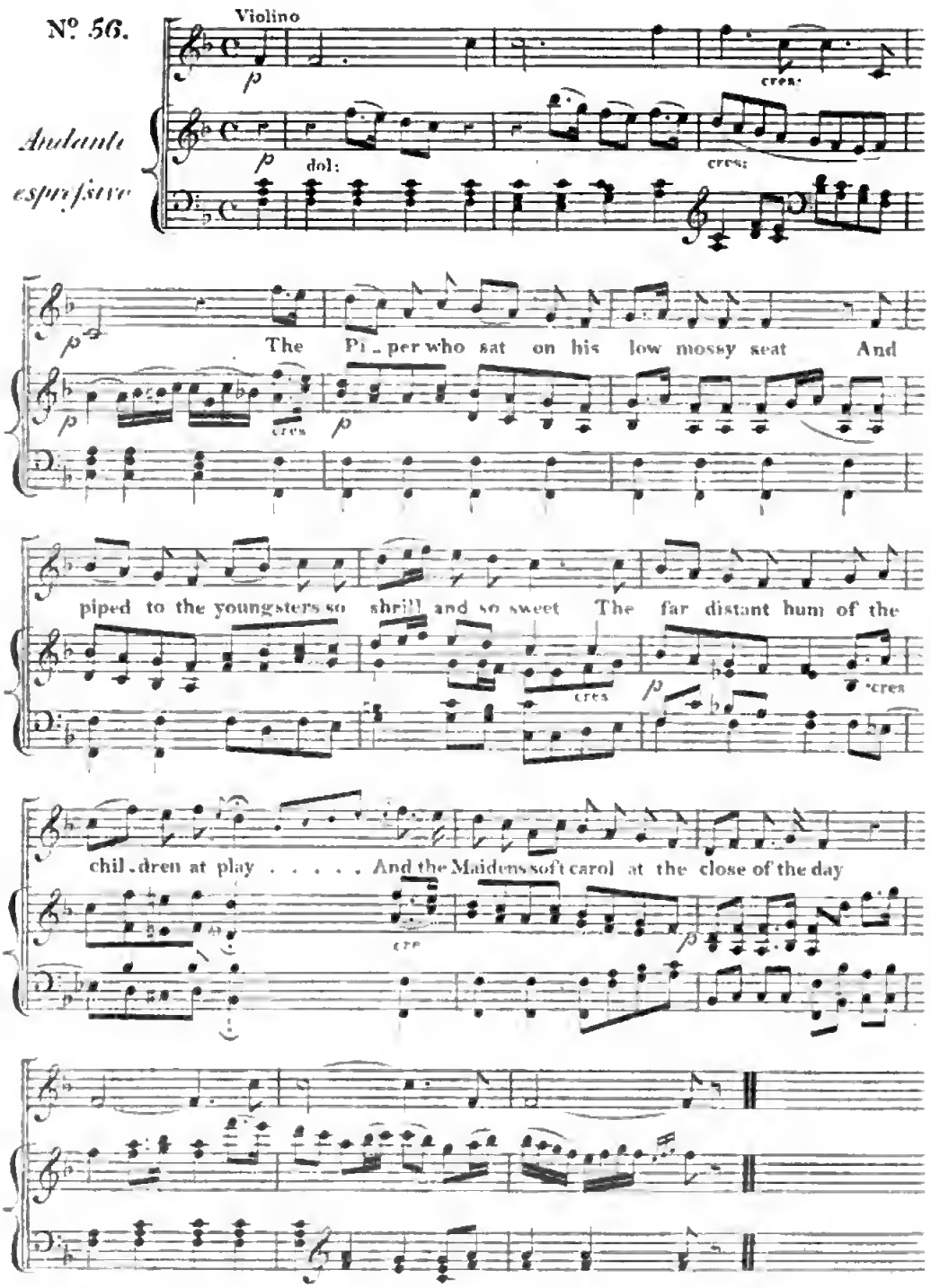
Come, Darby dear! easy—be easy,
So be sure, and it may not well please ye;
But she's gone, as I said,
With young Pat to be wed,
And in vain will we fret, 'till we're crazy.
And troth! he's a proper fine creature,
Of mighty good figure and feature,
And our daughter Kitty,
Why she's young and pretty—
O Darby dear! is it not nature?

They 're tied before this, never fear them,
So love and good luck ever cheer them,
And faith in a crack
They 'll be all coming back—
By the Virgin!—the Piper!—I hear them.
And it was, and it is always thus now,
So no longer be making a fuss now:
Cross words and uncivil
Och, pitch to the devil!
And give your old woman a buss now.

# COME DARBY DEAR EASY BE EASY.



## THE PIPER WHO SAT &c

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# The Soldier in a foreign land.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By JOANNA BAILLIE.*

AIR, (No. 56.)—THE BROWN MAID.

The Piper who sat on his low mossy seat,
And piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet;
The far distant hum of the children at play,
And the maiden's soft carol at close of the day.

Ah! this was the music delighted my ear,
And to think of it now is so sad and so dear!
Ah! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more!

I knew ev'ry dame in her holiday airs,
I knew ev'ry maiden that danc'd at our fairs;
I knew ev'ry farmer to market who came,
And the dog that ran after him call'd by its name.

And who know I now, in this far foreign land,
But the stiff-collar'd sergeant, the trim coated band?
No kinsman to comfort his own flesh and blood,
Nor merry ey'd damsel to do my heart good.

To my sight, or my ear, no gay cheering doth come,
But the flare of our colours, the tuck of our drum;
The fierce flashing steel of our long muster'd file,
And the sharp dinning fifer that playeth the while.

At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,
The sound of the west wind I greedily catch,
And the shores of dear Ireland then rise to my sight,
And my own native valley, that spot of delight.

Divided so far by a wide stormy main,
Shall I ever return to our valley again?
Ah! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,
To the sound of my own native village once more!

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# No more, my Mary, I sigh for Splendour.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 57.)—THE BROWN THORN.

No more, my Mary, I sigh for splendour,
And riot's joys no longer prize:
On thee I muse in visions tender,
Or gaze on thy fond eyes.
Oh! not the sages
With pedant pages,
'Tis thy soft smiles have made me wise.

For life's delusions of joy had reft me;
With sated heart I turn'd to pine—
A faded world I thought was left me,
Tho' all its pleasures mine.
Oh! hours of folly!
Of melancholy!
How chang'd for bliss,—for love like thine.

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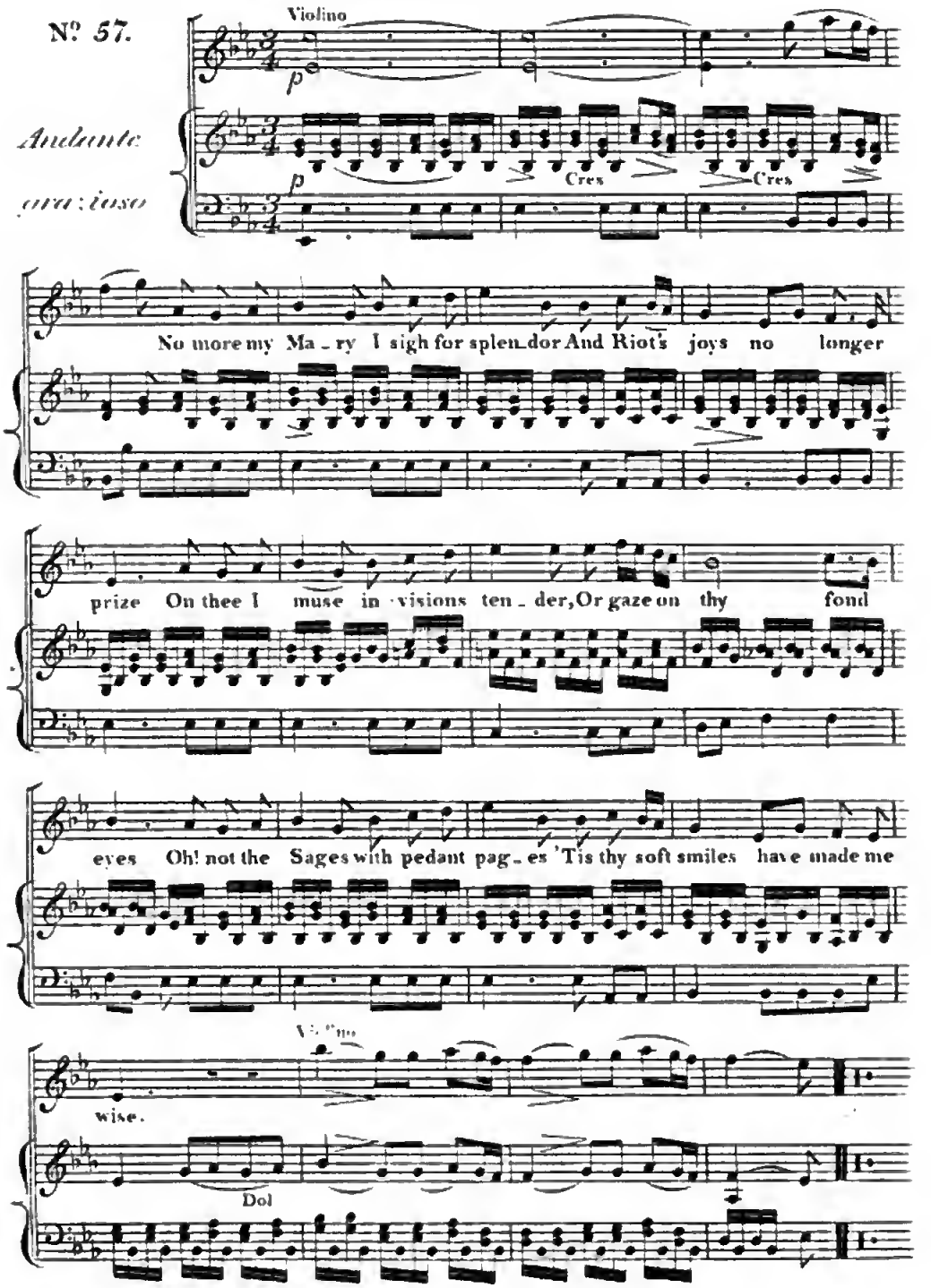
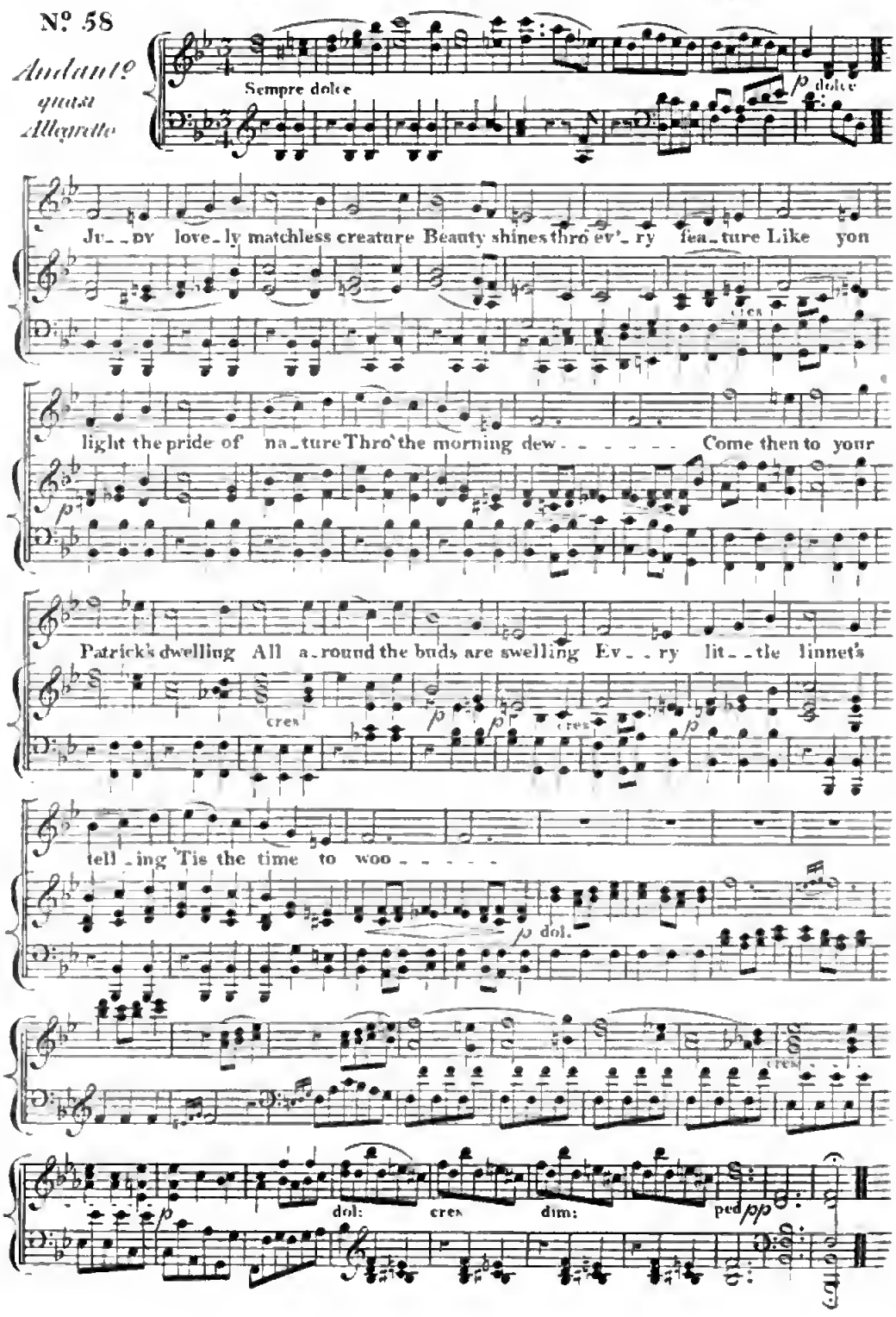
# NO MORE MY MARY I SIGH FOR SPLENDOR.



## JUDY LOVELY MATCHLESS CREATURE.

No. 58

*Andante quasi Allegretto*



# Judy, lovely, matchless Creature.

## RUSTIC COURTSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 58.)—SLAUNT RI PLULIB.

Judy, lovely, matchless creature,
Beauty shines thro' ev'ry feature,
Like yon light, the pride of nature,
Thro' the morning dew.
Come, then, to your Patrick's dwelling;
All around the buds are swelling,
Ev'ry little linnet's telling
'Tis the time to woo.

Dame O'Flyn, sweet Judy's mother,
Would you bid me passion smother!
Sure I'll speak as well's another,
Tho' poor Pat O'Doyle.
Love within my breast is teazing,
Were I dumb—'twould be amazing;
Sooner, when the coals are blazing,
Bid your pot not boil.

# Thy Ship must sail, my Henry dear.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 59.)—*The name unknown to the Editor.*

Thy ship must sail, my Henry dear,
  Fast comes the day, too soon, too sure;
And I, for one long tedious year,
  Must learn thy absence to endure.
Come let me by my pencil's aid
  Arrest thy image ere it flies;
And like the fond Corinthian maid,
  Thus win from Art what Fate denies.

And I will hang with fondness warm
  O'er all that there I pictur'd see;
To others but a mimic form,—
  But oh! my life, my love to me.
Or let me sing the song so dear,
  The song that told thy bosom's fire,
When first, our favourite willows near,
  I bade thee wake thy ready lyre.

Yes, o'er and o'er, I'll sing and play
  The song beneath those willow trees,
When thou, alas! art far away,
  And nought but thoughts of thee can please.
Dear sister Arts! of power divine,
  To soothe the heart when cheerless found,
And near, with moon-light gleam to shine,
  When all the world is darkness round.

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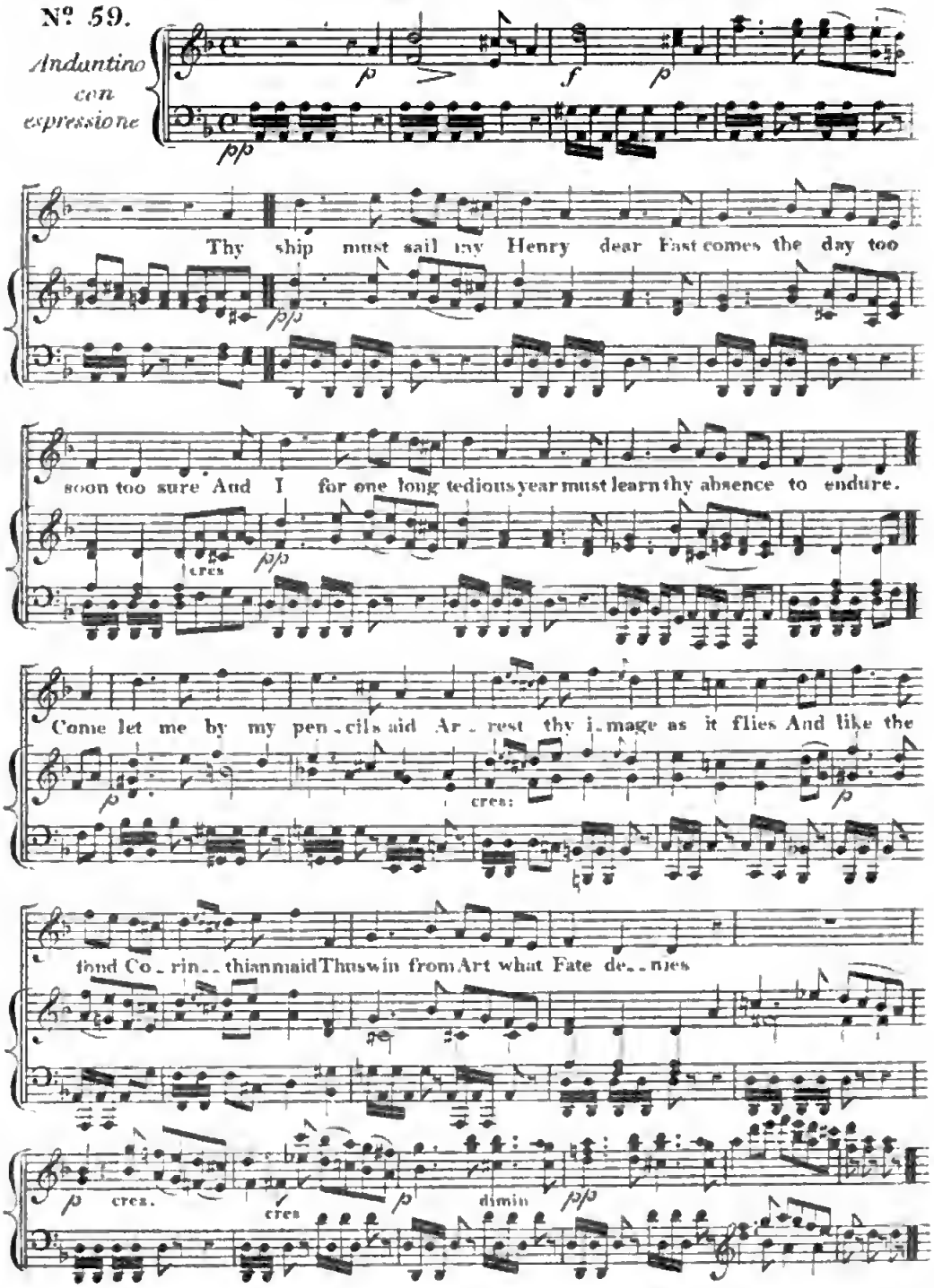
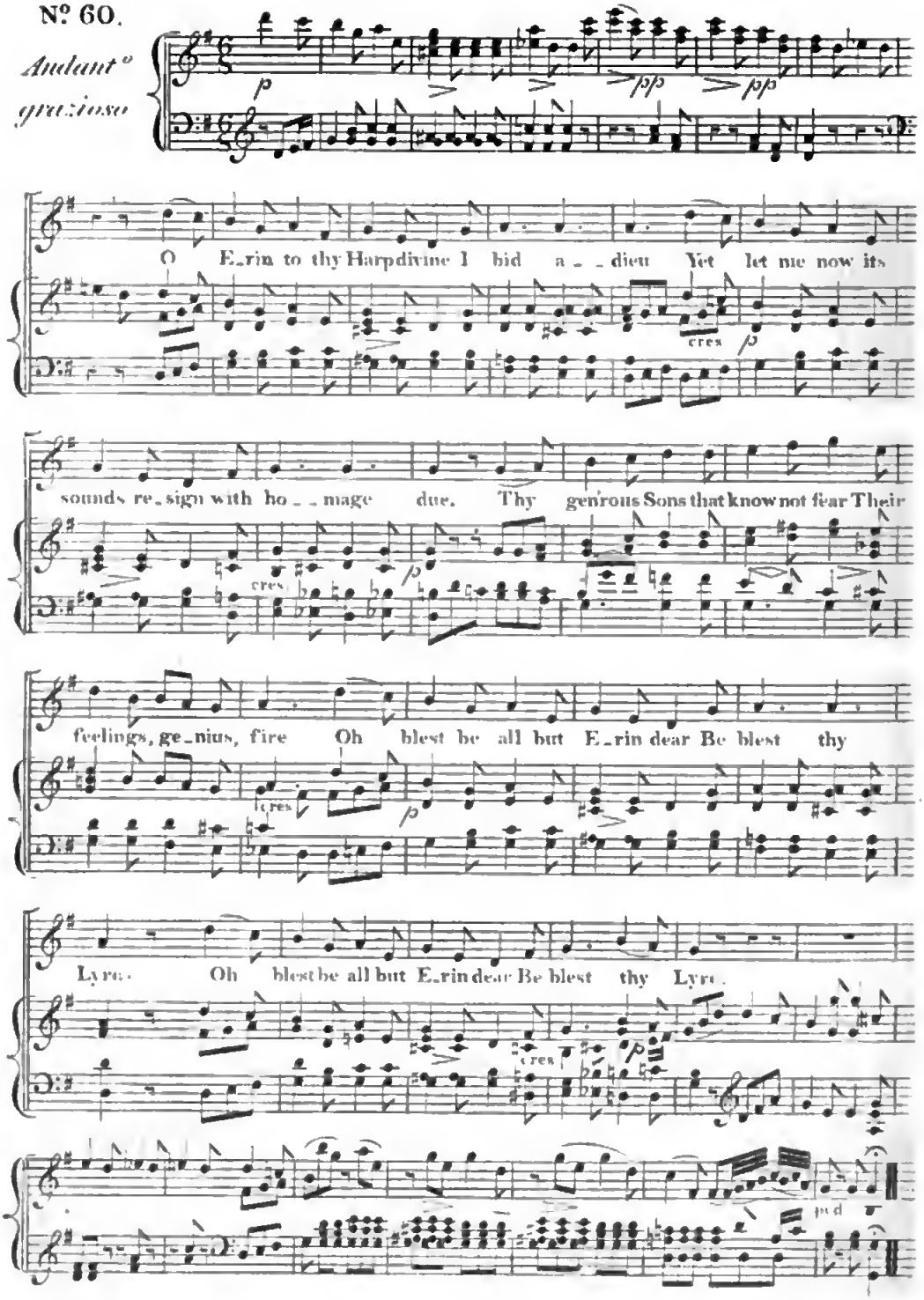
## THY SHIP MUST SAIL MY HENRY DEAR



# O ERIN TO THY HARP DIVINE.

Nº 60.

*Andante grazioso*




Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

# The Farewell Song.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

*By WILLIAM SMYTH, Esq.*

AIR, (No. 60.) THE OLD WOMAN.

O Earn! to thy harp divine
I bid adieu:
Yet let me now its songs resign
With homage due.
Thy generous sons, that know not fear,
Their feelings, genius, fire:
Oh blest be all!—But, Erin dear,
Be blest thy lyre.

Oh where the heart that would not bound
With answering beat,
To hear thy Planxty's dancing sound,
And numbers sweet.
And where the heart that sinks not low,
And musing melts away,
To hear thy harp's deep lonely flow,
When mourns the lay.

No toil can e'er such sweets supply,—
No chymic power,
As brings the bee, with honied thigh,
From wild heath-flower:
And Science, that could wake the strings
To chords of rapture high,
May envy, while she smiling sings
Thy minstrelsy.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by John Moir,
FOR THE PROPRIETOR, GEORGE THOMSON,
TRUSTEES' OFFICE.

1816

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H. Heinrich

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